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ZAMOR.

CHAPTER I.

THE air was basking in the noontide among the hills that are traversed by the rapid Erigon. The woody sides of the valleys which opened upon the river, lay slumbering in breezy dimness; but the sky was blue and bright around the breasts and peaks of the mountains, except where broad white clouds, floating high and swift between them and the sun, varied the landscape by occasional sweeps of shadow. The sparkling and winding water flowed silently along the green bases of the eminences, and its surface was marked by nothing but the differences of color occasioned by the wind and stream, and by the fresh-looking islets of water-plants, or the trunk of a tree rolling down the current, and showing its brown branches, or the white rent of its stem, among the shining ripples. Down one of the glens which descend towards the stream, a boy of thirteen or fourteen years of age was slowly wandering. He was tall, and of a noble presence. His open and upturned brow was surrounded with careless ringlets of light brown hair, and was shaded by a low cap or bonnet, in which he wore an eagle's feather. His dark-colored kirtle descended to his knee, over trowsers which left the leg exposed above the sandal. A belt of wolf's-skin sustained a short sword, and confined his dress around the waist; and he led with the left hand, in a twisted chain of gold, a large and powerful dog, while, in his

right, he carried a strong hunting spear, the point of which gleamed like a star above his head. His features were of a regular and spirited beauty; his quick eye perpetually glanced from the path he was pursuing to the mountains round him and the skies beyond. He proceeded in his devious and negligent course, now sinking into thought, now rushing and leaping over rocks and bushes, while the dog sprang up, and barked, and sported round him, till he reached an irregular and broken wood, which spread, though with many intervals, along the green banks of the river.

The boy threw himself under the shade of an oak, where he had a glimpse of the cool water among the stems of the trees; and his canine friend couched quietly by his side, now looking up into his face, now rubbing his legs with its nose, and wagging its bushy tail, now closing its eyes, and sinking with a sigh into a tranquil doze. The youth, too, was so still, that he might have been thought to slumber, had not his restless glances indicated a stir within. It was, indeed, a mind not formed for inactivity; but its present thoughts were rather the overflowing and sport of its vigor, than the application of it to any definite end. He remembered the oracles which had spoken among the ancient oaks of Epirus, till he almost heard the promise of his own greatness sounding from the trees, while they trembled and rustled

around and above him. And then came imaginations of the Dryads, the forest spirits, so beautiful and so capricious, who were accustomed to fly from men, and dedicate their loveliness to the green-wood shade. As the breeze moved the shadow of some branch, he started to think that he saw the waving of the airy locks; and he beheld for a moment the twinkle of the light footsteps, in the casual breach of a sunbeam through the foliage, on the dark ground of the vistas before him. These visions passed away, and in their place seemed sweeping through the distant obscurity of the thicket the pomp and triumph of Bacchus,—the youths with arms and wine-cups, and baskets of gorgeous fruits unknown to Europe, the dark eyes, and glowing limbs of damsels, whose wreaths of Oriental flowers shook fragrance through the air, while swiftly and gracefully they flung aloft and struck together their ringing cymbals, ancient Pan with a world of merriment in his pipe, and, amid a tumult of green coronals and wild exultations, the young conqueror himself drawn forward by his lions, with the pride of a hundred victories on his brow, and the joyousness of a hundred vintages on his lips, and a spear so often washed in wine, and so clustered with grapes and ivy berries, half hid among their foliage, that not a trace of its myriad death-stains was visible. They gleamed for a moment from the recesses of the green maze on the eye of the dreaming boy; and why should not he too be the conqueror of Asia, and his banners return over the Hellespont, laden and glittering with the spoils of the Euphrates and the Indus?

He rose while he thought it, so hastily that his dog gave a slight cry at feeling the pull which his collar received from the arm of his master, who stepped forward eagerly for an instant, while his right hand grasped the spear with an energy indicating, even then, how bold would be the spirit, and how wide the fame, of Alexander the son of Philip.

He walked forward for a few mi-

nutes with boyish impetuosity, when his attention was diverted by seeing a large blue butterfly, which flew across his path. He freed from the collar the chain which held Lacon, and pursued the insect; while the dog, in imitation of his master, rushed barking, and eager in pursuit of the same wandering object. It led him among the hills which he had before left, never coming within his reach, but never mounting so far away as to make him relinquish the pursuit. It flew at last over the edge of a precipice into a broken and narrow dell; but the fearless and active boy dropped from the verge, and, after scrambling for a minute or two among the rocks and bushes, reached the end of the descent. It was a wild and lonely hollow, on the steep banks and narrow area of which the pine and the cypress rose above the thick under-growth of weeds, shrubs, and flowers. The insect still hovered before its pursuer; and, after a few steps, he found that he had followed it into an ancient cemetery. The tombs seemed to have been mouldering in neglect for centuries, and merely a few irregular mounds, and broken fragments of walls, remained. Beyond one of these relics of building, now covered with different vigorous creepers, the bright blue wings disappeared. He went to the spot, and found that, beyond the dilapidated wall, the sun streamed in upon a little patch of grass. Here the insect had poised itself upon a human skull, half covered with moss, and crowned by a natural wreath of trailing honey-suckle. Thus was perched the beautiful and airy creature he had been chasing, with its azure fans expanded, and glittering in the sunshine. It seemed the immortal Psyche, the spiritual life, waiting to take wing from amid the dust and decay of mortality. The boy leaped over the obstruction, and stooped to seize it; but it vibrated for an instant the splendid pennons which served it for sails, and rose swiftly and far above the head of the disappointed pursuer. He looked after it for a few

seconds, and Lacon bayed fiercely at the soaring insect; but his owner stooped again to the relic; for, when he had previously bent towards the butterfly, he had seen what appeared to be metal shining on the turf. It was a large gold coin which lay between the teeth of the skull. The device of an eye within a circle was distinctly visible on one side, and on

the other was traced, in the oldest character Alexander had ever seen, the word ZAMOR.

He restored the coin to its place; but, such was his recollection of the occurrence, that the signet wherewith, in after years, he sealed Hephæstion's lips, bore the device of a butterfly poised upon a skull, with the motto ZAMOR.

CHAPTER II.

The youth was a youth no more. He was, in all the vigor and beauty of manhood, a sovereign and a conqueror, and roamed no longer in the woods of Macedonia, but in the deep gloom of an Indian forest. He had outstripped his train in the eagerness of the chase; and, when the thick jungle prevented him from continuing his course on horseback, he leaped from the saddle and pierced his way on foot. His mantle was now of regal splendor, and his light helmet was encircled with a slender diadem of gold. The garment which fell from under his inlaid cuirass to his knee, was interwoven with silver thread, and his sandals were studded with jewels. His lips had gained the firm expression of will and power, and thought had left its stamp upon his forehead.

He speedily penetrated through the thicket which had interrupted him, and found himself in a little glade, surrounded by spreading trees. He stood still, and gazed for a moment; and it seemed to him that he heard not far off the half-stifled sobs of sorrow. He moved in the direction of the sound, and, after pushing through a screen of bushes, found himself near an old man, who knelt upon the ground, close to the trunk of a great tree; and, while his clasped hands trembled on his shuddering breast, the tears fell thickly from his eyes. He wore the dress of a Brahmin. Beside him lay the corpse of a girl, apparently twelve or thirteen years of age. Though her skin was rather more dusky than that of Europeans, she was very beautiful in the eyes of the King. Her round

and shining limbs were of the most exquisite delicacy; the long black hair, wreathed with white flowers, fell loose over her maiden bosom, which had ceased to heave with the breath of life. An arrow had pierced her through the body, and the blood had flowed to the knees of the old man, and stained his garments. He was a father wailing over his murdered child.

Alexander silently approached, and saw that on the left breast of the lovely form, in which the heart no longer stirred, a blue butterfly had placed itself. The agony and tears of the parent did not disturb it. He touched the hair and fingers of the body with a trembling affection, and gazed at it long and passionately; and then again his whole frame was shaken, and he burst into a paroxysm of grief. As the King drew near, the insect rose and soared away to the heavens. Alas! that, like it, the corpse could not raise itself from the dust it adorned, and move again in all the vivacity and grace of its former existence!

The conqueror spoke in a low, reverential, and sympathising voice, to the bereaved father. The old man started at the sound, rose to his feet, and shook off, as far as nature permitted him, the tokens of his agony. Alexander asked him by what misfortune he had lost his daughter. "The soldiers," replied the Brahmin, "of the insane and cruel invader who has attacked our country, seized my child, and would have detained her, but that she escaped by flight from their hands, when one of them shot an arrow,

which slew my beautiful and my beloved."—"I swear by the gods, they shall be punished; but do you know, old man, to whom you speak, that you thus venture to calumniate the great Alexander?"—"If I could not judge by the vulgar signs of those gay and fantastic trappings, I should yet recognise the eyes which so readily glare, the nostril that dilates, the brow that contracts, with passion. These all mark the man who has been accustomed to command others, but not himself."—"This is a sight," replied the King, pointing to the dead body, "which prompts me to forgive your boldness."—"It is a sight, O King, which should rather teach you that I do not need your forgiveness. You have robbed my earthly existence of its charm and glory—I care not how soon it may end."—"This is philosophy which would have pleased Callisthenes. What is your name and condition?"—"I am called Sabas; and, after having travelled over many countries, and learned your language in the Lesser Asia, I have lived, and been happy"—here he faltered, and looked at his child—"at the tomb of the sage ZAMOR."

The warrior started at the name, and asked of Sabas who was ZAMOR. The Brahmin replied, that he had lived many ages before, and had been a mighty conqueror; but that, after overrunning half the earth, he had flung away at once the sceptre and the sword, and betaken himself to a life of meditation and benevolence. The old man went on to say, that the King would learn more from the chief of the Brahmins, who attended the tomb, and to him Sabas brought Alexander.

The ancient teacher to whom the Grecian Commander was thus introduced, trembled in his presence, and, on his demanding to know something more with regard to ZAMOR, replied, that, in addition to what Sabas had told him, the following information was all he could supply: The venerated being in question had employed the latter moments of his protracted

life in giving directions as to the place and manner in which his ashes were to be disposed of; and, in his volume of pure morality and sublime devotion which he had left, it was declared that the iron doors which bounded his sepulchre would never open, till one who had been as great a conqueror as himself should demand admission. In the course of many ages none such had presented himself.—The pride and curiosity of the Sovereign were aroused, and he desired to be led to the tomb. The Brahmin summoned his brethren, and in long files they preceded Alexander to the cavern. Its rocky circuit was of sufficient extent to include them all; and they ranged themselves around the sides, and their leader and the Monarch advanced to the tomb, on which several lamps were burning. Here the Chief Brahmin offered up his prayers, while the Macedonian went forward to the doors at the farther extremity, and to the horror of the throng, violently smote the massy metal with the hilt of his sword. The doors crashed open slowly, and displayed a staircase. The king descended fearlessly and alone, and, after a long absence, returned with a haggard countenance and disordered steps to the cavern, while the doors closed suddenly behind him. He seemed, at first, confused and bewildered; but soon recovering himself, he looked round him at the Brahmins, and said, "I know not whether you have a share in yonder mummery; but, at all events, let a wall be built across that entrance, sufficient to prevent any future attempts like mine." He had paused, and seemed relapsing into deep and doubtful thought, when there was heard without, a loud rush and clang, mingled with the sound of trumpets. Alexander knew the notes, and, resuming all the soldier and the king, gravely saluted the Generals who had sprung from their horses, and entered the cave to seek him. He moved before them to the mouth of the cavern, and found his usual train of several hundred horsemen, with the chief no-

bility of Macedonia, Greece, and Persia, awaiting his appearance. Innumerable varieties of dress and arms, of language and countenance, were here assembled; and every province he ruled over had sent its noblest and most splendid inhabitants to swell the court of Alexander. All were mounted on the fleetest and most beautiful coursers of Thessaly and Asia, and an

unrivalled steed was led by the grooms of the Monarch. He mounted it with a careless bound, and while he galloped from the spot, followed by the glittering whirlwind of officers, feudatories, and kings, he talked to those around him of the battle, the chase, the banquet, the philosophy of Aristotle, and the charms of Pan-caste.

CHAPTER III.

The day had died in storm; and the chamber of Alexander was closed and lighted. He lay on his couch in the restlessness and pain of a fever from which he was never to recover. He was attended only by a young Persian girl, who watched his lightest word and sign with far more than the carefulness of servility. There was all the intensity of passionate affection in that pale cheek, those tearful eyes, and that quivering forehead. She moved silently through the splendid room at the least hint of the patient's want, and, when it was satisfied, she would sit down and weep in silence. It was early in the evening when he said, "Abra, I would speak with Perdicas." She flew from the chamber, and in a few moments returned with the person named, and then retired to the ante-chamber, where, among slaves, guards, attendants, and physicians, she hid her face in her hands, and sobbed bitterly, while she thought that the man she loved would so soon breathe his last.

Perdicas entered the room silently and slowly, and sat beside the bed. After a few moments of heavy breathing, the King turned towards his friend, and told him to move the lamp so that it might throw no light upon the couch. He then proceeded thus:

"Perdicas, you will remember having once found me in India, at the tomb of ZAMOR. I have revealed to no man what I saw there; but I will now disclose it to you. The circumstances which led me thither are of but little importance. Suffice it that

I presented myself at the iron gates, and that they opened to admit me. I proceeded down a long and dark flight of steps, then through a passage, then down other steps, and had at last advanced to an immense distance through the rock. I thought for a moment of returning, but I went on, and travelled, as it seemed, league after league. At length I reached an iron grating, which with some difficulty I pushed open, and found myself in a large chamber. On the opposite wall there appeared to be a faint glimmer of light, and to it I proceeded. I touched the spot, and it felt like the side of a tent, and, in truth, I found that it was a curtain, covering an aperture. I pulled it aside, and a broad pale light burst upon me through the opening, which also gave me a view of another, and far larger chamber than that in which I stood.

"The room into which I looked was a vast gallery, which stretched its dreary vista almost beyond the sight. The floor was of black marble, and the sides of polished porphyry. Along the walls thrones were ranged at equal spaces, to an interminable distance. Those on one side were all occupied, except the nearest, which bore the name of ZAMOR, but which his late penitence and imperfect reparation had saved the ancient conqueror from occupying. The throne opposite to this—the first in the vacant line—was inscribed 'Alexander.' And, O Perdicas! could I speak with the tongue of one of those Athenian poets whose renown will be as great as mine, I should yet be unable to express the

tithe of that horror which seized me when I looked upon the tenants of those other thrones, and saw that a similar one was destined for me ! It is not that they had an aged or a barbaric appearance,—though their hairs were white, and their brows haggard, and their dresses were those of the East and of the North,—but their faces were marked with a still desperation, and their bodies settled in a calm agony, of which I had no previous conception. I have often looked upon death ; but no pangs from the sword, nor from the torture, ever seemed to me more than a slight discomfort compared to the sufferings of those mighty and glorious warriors. They sat motionless as the rocks on the banks of Phlegethon ; but it was the tranquillity of an endurance which feels that it would be hopeless to attempt escape. The eyes of some of them were nearly closed, and there seemed no light in their countenances, but a dull dead glare which escaped from beneath their shadowing eyelids. There was one hoary head and swarthy cheek, with a diadem of jewels, and the Egyptian beetle on his breast, and I knew the presence of Sesostris. And there was ancient Belus, with the star of the Babylonian wizards on his brow, and leaning his awful head upon his hand. And there was the warrior-deity of those Scythians whom in my boyhood I subdued, clothed in wolf-skins, but with a cuirass on his breast, and a crown of iron around his scarred forehead. Hercules, too, whom we have dreamed a god, leaned upon his club in anguish, which, though silent, was more horrible than the pangs he endured from the robe of Nessus ; and a greater than he, or than all the rest, showed the writhen features and sunken cheeks of long-sustained suffering beneath those emblems of mysterious strength, the moonlike horns of Ammon. There was one spirit, and but one, in whom the fiery energy of his nature was not repressed by the tremendous fate to which he was subjected,—the Greek who in his youth was victor over Asia, the fleet-

est, the most beautiful, the bravest, the most unhappy, the demi-god Achilles. His eyes still shone like stars amid the burning halo wherewith his head was of old encircled by Minerva, and which still beamed around him, as if in mockery of those white lips compressed and agitated with a paroxysm of affliction too mighty for even the slayer of Hector to master it. In the shield which leant against his knees, I saw not the images of the harvest and the dance, but the reflection of the hero's immeasurable pain.

"The feet of each of these terrible shadows were placed upon an image of the world ; and before my throne I saw a similar attribute. My empire seemed to clasp with its boundary an enormous portion of the earth ; but its limits were faint and wavering, and methought at every instant they shrank and broke asunder. Above the thrones were trophies ; but in the midst of each of them, that grey, stern Destiny, who, from its iron cave, in some distant planet, sends forth the silent blasts that sway the universe, had fixed some emblem of mockery, shame, and evil : the mowing ape, the crawling worm, the foulness of the harpy, the envenomed slime of the serpent, showed themselves among the spoils, weapons, crowns, and banners of royalty and conquest. And over all this a ghastly light was shed from the eyeless sockets of skeleton warders, who waited upon the enthroned victims.

"Can you wonder, my friend, that I felt a horror which swords, and flames, and menacing millions could not inspire, when I gazed upon the agonies of those beings, so dead to all but misery ! My eyes almost failed to see, and my feet to stand, when I turned from them to mark the throne which bore so deeply engraven on its granite pedestal, the name of 'Alexander.' From that hour my nature has changed. I have not had the resolution to yield up my conquests, and disrobe myself of my greatness ; but I have sought to lose the memory of my former deeds and future doom in re-

velries and intoxications, which, at last, have brought me death, though they have never bestowed forgetfulness. I shall soon be among those dreary and tormented shadows of departed power and dearly-bought renown. Take you this ring," (and he gave him the emblematic signet,) "and when you look upon it, remember, that not the image you see upon it, of immortal life and unbroken happiness, will dwell with the remains of kings and conquerors, but the polluting earth-worm and the stinging scorpion."

His voice had grown hoarse and broken; and he proceeded slowly and feebly: "Though I have failed to profit by the lesson, thus much I have been taught by ZAMOR."

He never spoke again. He left for his generals, the slavery of Greece and the distraction of the world; to Perdicas, a counsel by which he had not profited himself; to Abra, a desolate existence and a broken heart. And so did he perish at Babylon, whose boyhood had sped so blithely among the hills of Macedonia.

FLOWERS.

PHILOSOPHERS and divines have made many fruitless efforts to remove that general perversity in mankind, which leads it to despise simple pleasures, and eagerly search out those that possess no value but in their rarity, or the estimation of a senseless fashion. Ages will, I fear, elapse before the world can be amended in this respect, and individuals be taught to calculate the worth of a thing by its intrinsic, or its relative merits, without borrowing their opinions from others. Many will not enjoy what would afford them great pleasure, because such enjoyment is not sanctioned by usage. This is particularly the case as respects cheap and simple pleasures. Simplicity is but little followed, and yet it always obtains admiration. I went the other day to a fashionable ball, where unwieldy dowagers and rich nabobesses promenaded the rooms, adorned with costly pearls, and glittering in jewels, the spoils of every climate under the sun. Even the younger and more beautiful part of the company were attired in the extreme of the *ton*, and in an exuberance of ornament. There was one lovely girl amongst them who attracted every eye, and far eclipsed those who had exhausted the decorative art of half the milliners and tirewomen of St. James's. Every heart did her homage, and she moved in the bril-

liant assemblage like some "fairy" vision of the "element." She had no jewels about her person, which was but of the middle stature. A single flower alone decorated her fine head of light brown hair. Her dress was white with little of flounce or furberlow, but her gait was elegant and graceful. There were other ladies present, as young and beautiful as she was, but they did not seem to attract half so much admiration, for they had too many of the "adulteries of art" about them; she reigned queen "of the ascendant." This, I am convinced, arose solely from the simplicity of her attire, where there was so much artificial decoration. There is something of propriety in our natural feelings that informs us what is true taste, and gives us an intuitive knowledge of the really elegant. Let this illustrate the value of simplicity in everything, in the fine arts, in pleasure, and in our domestic enjoyments. Of the latter, it is astonishing how many that are highly tasteful are within the reach of all, but for that reason deemed too cheap to be practicable, notwithstanding their value.

When summer's delightful season arrives, rarely in this country too warm to be enjoyed throughout the day in the open air, there is nothing more grateful than a profusion of choice flowers around and within our dwell-

ings. The humblest apartments ornamented with these beautiful productions of nature have, in my view, a more delightful effect than the proudest saloons with gilded ceilings and hangings of Genoa velvet. The richness of the latter, indeed, would be heightened, and their elegance increased, by the judicious introduction of flowers and foliage into them. The odor of flowers, the cool appearance of the dark green leaves of some species, and the beautiful tints and varied forms of others, are singularly grateful to the sight, and refreshing at the same time. Vases of Etruscan mould, containing plants of the commonest kind, offer those lines of beauty which the eye delights in following; and variform leaves hanging festooned over them, and shading them if they be of a light color, with a soft grateful hue, add much to their pleasing effect. These decorations are simple and cheap. They offer to every class their redundant variety of beauty, at the price of a little labor to him who is disposed to rear them for himself, and at a very trifling expense in a large city to those who choose to purchase them. It is true the apartments of some few persons are always adorned with them, and their aid is called in somewhat incongruously to set off the midnight ball-room, but they are not half as common in dwelling-houses as they should be. They offer their rarer varieties to the wealthy, and those not blessed by fortune have a profusion of a cheaper kind at command, they being among those blessings bestowed upon us by our common mother which are within the reach of all. Lord Bacon, whose magnificence of mind exempts him from every objection as a model for the rest of mankind, (in all but the unfortunate error to which perhaps his sordid pursuit in life led him, to the degradation of his nobler intellect,) was enthusiastically attached to flowers, and kept a succession of them about him in his study and at his table. Now the union of books and flowers is more particularly agreeable.

Nothing, in my view, is half so delightful as a library set off with these beautiful productions of the earth during summer, or, indeed, any other season of the year. A library or study, opening on green turf, and having the view of a distant rugged country, with a peep at the ocean between hills, a small fertile space forming the nearest ground, and an easy chair and books, is just as much of local enjoyment as a thinking man can desire,—I reckon not if under a thatched or a slated roof, to me it is the same thing. A favorite author on my table, in the midst of my bouquets, and I speedily forget how the rest of the world wags. I fancy I am enjoying nature and art together, a consummation of luxury that never palls upon the appetite—a dessert of uncloying sweets.

Madame Roland seems to have felt very strongly the union of mental pleasure with that afforded to the senses by flowers. She somewhere says, "*La vue d'une fleur carresse mon imagination et flatte mes sens à un point inexprimable; elle réveille avec volupté le sentiment de mon existence. Sous le tranquille abri du toit paternel, j'étois heureuse dès enfance avec des fleurs et des livres; dans l'étroite enceinte d'une prison, au milieu des fers imposés par la tyrannie la plus revoltante, j'oublie l'injustice des hommes, leurs sottises, et mes maux, avec des livres et des fleurs.*" These pleasures, however, are, like the unjewelled girl at the ball, too simple to be universally felt.

There is something delightful in the use which the eastern poets, particularly the Persian, make of flowers in their poetry. Their allusions are not casual, and in the way of metaphor and simile only; they seem really to hold them in high admiration. I am not aware that the flowers of Persia, except the rose, are more beautiful or more various than those of other countries. Perhaps England, including her gardens, green-houses, and fields, having introduced a vast variety from every climate, may exhibit a list unrivalled, as a whole, in

odor and beauty. Yet flowers are not with us held in such high estimation as among the Orientals, if we are to judge from their poets. For whatever belongs to nature, and is prized nationally, is sure to be prominently introduced into that department of literature which belongs to imagination. Bowers of roses and flowers are perpetually alluded to in the writings of eastern poets. The Turks, and indeed the Orientals in general, have few images of voluptuousness without the richest flowers contributing towards them. The noblest palaces, where gilding, damask, and fine carpeting abound, would be essentially wanting in luxury without flowers. It cannot be from their odor alone that they are thus identified with pleasure; it is from their union of exquisite hues, fragrance, and beautiful forms, that they raise a sentiment of voluptuousness in the mind; for whatever unites these qualities can scarcely do otherwise.

Whoever virtuously despises the opinion that simple and cheap pleasures, not only good, but in the very best taste, are of no value because they want a meretricious rarity, will fill their apartments with a succession of our better garden flowers. It has been said that flowers placed in bedrooms are not wholesome. This cannot be meant of such as are in a state of vegetation. Plucked and put into water, they quickly decay, and, doubtless, give out a putrescent air; when alive and growing, there need not be any danger apprehended from them, provided fresh air is frequently introduced. For spacious rooms, the better kinds, during warm weather, are those which have a large leaf and bossy flower. Large leaves have a very agreeable effect on the senses; their rich green is grateful to the sight: of this kind, the *Hydrangæa* is remarkably well adapted for apartments, but it requires plenty of water. Those who have a green-house connected with their dwellings, have the convenience, by management, of changing their plants as the flowers

decay; those who have not, and yet have space to afford them light and occasionally air, may rear most of those kinds under their own roof, which may be applied for ornament in summer. Vases of plaster, modelled from the antique, may be stained any color most agreeable to the fancy, and, fitted with tin cases to contain the earthen pots of flowers, to prevent the damp from acting on them, will look exceedingly well.

There is a great advantage, in families, in keeping the most pleasing and correct images of every kind of object before the eyes of youth. It causes, almost insensibly, an affinity between the objects so familiarized to them and the symmetry of thought (if I may so express myself), independently of forming a correct taste. The region of fancy will be filled with more correct images; and a distorted or ill-proportioned object will be more immediately perceived by those who have been always accustomed to have the beautiful before them. In this sense, natural flowers are far better than embroidery, and the tapestry roses of our starched ancestors.

The infinite variety of roses, including the *Guelder Rose*; the *Rhododendron*, and other plants of similar growth, are fitted for the saloon, but they please best in the library. They should be intermingled with the book-cases, and stands filled with them should be placed wherever practicable. They are a wonderful relief to the student. There is always about them a something that infuses a sensation of placid joy, cheering and refreshing. Perhaps they were first introduced at festivals, in consequence of their possessing this quality. A flower-garden is the scene of pleasurable feelings of innocence and elegance. The introduction of flowers into our rooms infuses the same sensations, but intermingles them more with our domestic comforts; so that we feel, as it were, in closer contact with them. The succession might be kept up for the greater part of the year; and even in winter, evergreens

will supply their places, and, in some respects, contrast well with the season. Many fail in preserving the beauty of plants in their apartments, because they do not give them sufficient light. Some species do well with much less light than others. Light is as necessary to them as air. They should not be too often shifted from one place to another. Those who will take the trouble, may quicken the growth of some plants, so as to have spring flowers in winter. Thus Autumn and Spring might be connected; and flowers blooming in the Winter of our gloomy climate possess double attraction.

The presence of flowers is a source of beauty to the mind; for the meanest of them is lovely. To any of the Floral world, the terms, disproportion and ugliness, are inapplicable. Unbounded in variety, they are all charming to the sight, their race is essentially beautiful. It is imbued with the elements of perfect gracefulness. One flower may appear preferable to another in color, size, and shape, but in the humblest there is the stamp of elegance. They are all pleasing, all attractive. Those who are distinguished by a fondness for them and their cultivation, are persons of elegant minds. To the fair sex, in particular, they offer a charming study, and the decoration of their rooms with every fresh succession sets off their own attractions; while the attending them harmonizes well with our ideas of female occupation. A lovely girl in a flower-garden is a far preferable object to the eye, to one in a ball-room. In the midst of the luxuries of a rich vegetation, the female figure is set off better; and the colors of the parterre make out what the painters call a fore and back-ground, that administers admirably to the exhibition of the "fairest flower" of all. How desirable is it that fashion should be kept on the route of true taste, and made to go hand in hand with the simple and natural!

In the flower-garden alcove, books are doubly grateful. As in the libra-

ry ornamented with flowers they seem to be more enjoyed, so their union there is irresistibly attracting. To enjoy reading under such circumstances, most, works of imagination are preferable to abstract subjects. Poetry and romance—"De Vere" and "Pelham"—lighter history—the lively letters of the French school, like those of Sevigné and others—or natural history—these are best adapted to peruse amidst sweets and flowers: in short, any species of writing that does not keep the mind too intently fixed to allow the senses to wander occasionally over the scene around, and catch the beauty of the rich vegetation. To me the enjoyment derived from the union of books and flowers is of the very highest value among pleasurable sensations.

For my own part, I manage very well without the advantage of a greenhouse. The evergreens serve me in winter. Then the Lilacs come in, followed by the Guelder Rose and Woodbine, the latter trained in a pot upon circular trellis-work. After this there can be no difficulty in choosing, as the open air offers every variety. I arrange all my library and parlor-plants in a room in my dwelling-house facing the south, having a full portion of light, and a fire-place. I promote the growth of my flowers for the early part of the year by steam-warmth, and having large tubs and boxes of earth, I am at no loss, in my humble conservatory, for flowers of many kinds when our climate offers none. The trouble attending them is all my own, and is one of those employments which never appear laborious. Those who have better conveniences may proceed on a larger scale; but I contrive to keep up a due succession, which to a floral epicure is everything. To be a day in the year without seeing a flower is a novelty to me, and I am persuaded much more might be done with my humble means than I have effected, had I sufficient leisure to attend to the retarding or forcing them. I cover every space in my sitting-rooms with these beautiful fairy things of

creation, and take so much delight in the sight of them, that I cannot help recommending to those of limited incomes, like myself, to follow my example and be their own nurserymen. The rich might easily obtain them without; but what they procure by gold, the individual of small means must obtain by industry. I know

there are persons to whom the flowers of Paradise would be objects of indifference: but who can imitate, or envy such? They are grovellers, whose coarseness of taste is only fitted for the grossest food of life. The pleasures of flowers and of books are, as Henry IV. observed of his child, "the property of all the world."

THE BREEZE.

"GENTLE Breeze, that giv'st my brow
Gladness never felt till now,
Is it that thou wanderest here
From some heaven-illuminating sphere?"

Or thy freshness dost thou bring
From the bright moon's flowered ring?
Or from fields of light that are
More remote than cloud or star?

Hast thou kissed some thymy mountain?
Hast thou swept some haunted fountain?
Or dost rather bring to me
Freshness of the ancient sea,

And, in fitting from the verge
Of the round earth's farthest surge,
Hast thou reaped the scent of blossoms
That entwine the mermaids' bosoms?

Or, perchance, by Creeshna's favor
Hast thou won a dreamy savor,
From those broad-leaved glowing valleys,
Where with dark-eyed maids he dallies?

Or from off thy zoneless breast,
Am I thus intensely blest
By the breathing buds and bells
Of a thousand fairy dells?

Or on some rock-girded lawn
Have the censers of the dawn,
With their odors, dewy sweet,
Steeped thy thin and dancing feet?

Breeze, that roamest fleetly by,
Is it earth, or sea, or sky
That has lent thy trembling lip
All the joy my kisses sip?

Hermes-like thou walk'st abroad,
Playful, thieving, baby God,
Stealing all the sweets and riches,
Laid in caves and sparry niches;

All delight that Jove can sup
From the brim of Hebe's cup;
All the Muse's tuneful breath;
All the scent of Venus' wreath;

And the air that pants and floats,
Thrilling to Hyperion's notes,
Round the myrtle-blossoms that spread
Over Juno's quently head;

Azure gleam that deeply lies
In the fair wood-spirit's eyes,
And the fount's melodious cooing,
While the waves their gems are strewing.

Hast thou not been far and near
Gathering featly for my cheer,
All of precious sound and smell,
Culled from garden, steep, and dell?"

"Not from sea or stars I roam;
Not with fairies is my home;
'Tis a thousand years since I
Sported in the Indian sky;

And but seldom have I trod
In the bower of Nymph or God,
Since, to punish sins of men,
Heaven hath fled from human ken.

I around the green earth sweep,
Dappled land and rolling deep;
Sull on mortal steps attending,
And with sighs of mortals blending.

'Twas in ages far away
That I heard the Muses play;
And from starry Memnon's string
Melodies no longer ring.

In some realm of shade aloft
Juno sits, lamenting oft;
Her tear of blossoms now
Scentless withers on her brow.

Feet of ancient kings and Gods,
Print no more these lowly sods;
And the common dust hath troubled
Founts that once with nectar bubbled.

Now no more I greet thy sense
With an elfish influence;
Drink no more at Hesper's rise
Dewy fragrance of the skies."

"If thou didst not cheat the bee
Of a bliss not meant for thee,
Nor despoil the spicy nest,
Where the humming-bird hath rest;

If those vales thou hast not robbed,
Where of old the maidens sobbed,
Weeping over Adon slain,
Precious tears, but wept in vain!

Tell me, tell me, gentle wind,
Where such freshness thou couldst find,
Such as makes my bosom own
In each pulse a tuneful tone.

Whence thou comest, thither I,
With a speed like thine, will fly,
Those delicious airs to breathe,
Known not else the stars beneath."

"Morn was on the ocean grey
With a bright and various ray,
When I wakened in an island,
Lone, and green, and calm, and silent.

From a violet-bank I flew,
Moist with yet unshaken dew;
Where nor butterfly, nor bird,
E'en one little leaf had stirred.

Over rippling waves I sprang,
And around my path they sang;
And the nautilus uplifted
His thin sail, and blithely drifted.

And the halcyon oped its wings,
Bright with jewelled spots and rings,
Starred and zoned with gold and blue,
Sunny thing of glorious hue.

And the ocean's fearless daughter,
Winged pilgrim of the water,
Bird that loves to haunt the storm,
Round me wheeled its silvered form.

And the stately vessel glided
O'er the billows it derided,
Till amid the ropes I played—
And, methought, the pilot prayed.

But I sought the quiet shore,
And beheld the main no more;
And I shook each ancient tree
Where the doves rejoice in me.

Swift I rushed o'er hills and meads,
Like a troop of Tartar steeds;
And the clouds I drove before me
Flung their changeful shadows o'er me.

Battling lines were ranged below,
Big with hate and prompt for woe;
And the peal that fiercely broke,
Filled my nostrils with its smoke.

Fast I fled, and reached a plain,
Brodered rich with fruits and grain,
Steadfast towers and waving leas,
Such as loves a summer-breeze.

Thence I wandered to a vale,
Precious kernel of my tale,
Green and warm, with hills around,
Robed in leaves, and rocky-crowned.

Seemed it all of sunshine born,
Nurtured on the light of morn,
Every knoll a heap of posies,
Every nook a nest of roses.

Through a hedge of flowery twine,
Sweet-briar, orange, jasmine, vine;
Whispering and lithe I crept
E'en to where a lady slept.

Scarce her cheek's carnation charm
Dimpled on her foam-white arm;
And her head, with all its curls,
Bending showed its wreaths of pearls;

And those eye-lids soft and shaded,
'Neath a brow with dark hair braided,
Seemed but veils to keep from sight
Orbs of heaven's own dazzling light;

And the silken fold that fell
O'er her young breast's gentle swell,
Heaved and sank as if 'twere fraught
With a tune of holy thought.

Hands thou might'st have died to press
Drooped upon her purple dress,
And her fingers fine reposed
Round a jonquille half unclosed.

Swift I sought so fair a being,
Swifter far than human seeing,
And with faint and murmuring chime,
Floated in that happy clime;

Like a bee on leaves of flowers,
On those lips I dwelt for hours;
On that virgin side I panted,
And those eyes with kisses haunted;

Through her glossy ringlets straying,
Round her blue-veined temples playing,
From her sleeping spirit stealing
Every air-shaped thought and feeling.

In her dreams I steeped my wing
As they gurgled from their spring,
Every vision o'er her sailing,
Like a draught of life inhaling.

And whate'er of rare or sweet
Through her soul was wandering fleet,
Straight unto myself I pressed,
As unto a lover's breast.

From her bosom's inmost core
So I sucked its honey store;
Yet within that folded mind
Left more wealth of bliss behind.

And 'twas thus I deftly won
Freshest fragrance, softest tone,
All that gives a joy to thee,
Such as may not often be.

Now I sweep o'er earth and sky,
Filled and rapt with ecstasy,
Maddened in my whirling flight,
With a frenzy of delight.

And, alas! I swiftly scour,
From my love, my star, my flower;
To the spheres a messenger
Of the sweet I kissed from her.

On her face the while I bowed,—
O'er that moon an airy cloud,—
Drawing from those features tender
To my heart a gladsome splendor,

Then her lip and bosom shook,
Like a tempest-smitten brook,
And she flattered, half in woe,
Half in passion, 'Angelo!'

"Now, I know, 'tis she, 'tis she,
Dearest upon earth to me,
Who from her my soul can sever
Since her faith is true as ever ?

Whence the lying dream that swore
She had scorned the love I bore ?

Wretched thing, what hateful spell
Made thee fly from Isabel ?

But how swift, and fond once more,
At her knee will I adore !
Gentle Breeze, go fare-thee-well ;
Now I speed to Isabel."

CHARACTERS OF CONTEMPORARY FOREIGN AUTHORS AND STATESMEN.

NO. II.—MONS. JACQUES LAFFITTE, MEMBER OF THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

JACQUES LAFFITTE was born at Bayonne, of poor and obscure parentage. His father was a master-carpenter, who supported with difficulty a very numerous family by his industry. His second son, Jacques, distinguished himself at an early age, by a quickness of parts very uncommon at those years. At the age of fifteen he was placed with a banker at Bayonne, of the name of Formlaques, and there speedily made himself conspicuous by his application, and promptness in comprehending all the niceties of commercial transactions. M. Formlaques conceived a friendship for him, and in a very short time young Laffitte was a complete adept in the line of business which he embraced. Already, by the fruit of his industry, he supported his entire family, when his youthful ambition suggesting to him to appear on a more extensive theatre than that of a small provincial town, he repaired to Paris at the dawn of the revolution. Being provided with a letter of recommendation, as the only ground of his fortune, from M. Formlaques, to the banker Perregaux, he presented himself before him, and was admitted into the house as clerk. The old banker was struck with his simple but intelligent countenance, and his modest and respectful behavior, and treated him with every degree of kindness. With the assistance of this new auxiliary, the business of the establishment received a rapid augmentation and improvement, which was to be attributed to his ability, vigilance and perseverance ; and in the course of time the son of the poor carpenter of Bayonne became partner, and afterwards, at

the death of M. Perregaux, head of that concern, which he has raised to such a high degree of prosperity, and the capital of which, in specie and effects, amounts to twenty millions of French livres.

The political career of M. Laffitte began in 1814 ; he then enlarged the sphere of his action, and, not bounding his ideas within the limits of a justly-merited reputation, he obtained the still more valuable estimation of being an intrepid citizen, and a man entirely devoted to the interests of his country. Twice, and at two different periods of time, he has saved the treasures of the bank of France. The Emperor Napoleon, on the first approaches of his reverses, endeavored to convert the resources of the bank to his own account. But the statutes of that establishment were found to be in opposition to the wishes of the Emperor, according to their strict interpretation. The council was assembled ; the order of the Emperor was read, and the whole meeting looked at each other with symptoms of terror and trembling, when M. Laffitte, who was the governor of the bank, arose, and with a voice of firmness and energy, refused his assent to a measure that was contradictory to the regulations of the bank, and must, ultimately, be destructive to its credit. But his colleagues were still hesitating, when he vividly reproached them for a weakness that was likely to cover them with infamy in the eyes of the commercial world, and feeling the power of his remonstrances, and the dictates of their own consciences, they joined him in his vote.

On the second occasion, a still greater danger menaced him from a different quarter. He was governor of the bank in 1814, when the greatest anarchy prevailed at Paris, and the allied armies entered it with all the power in their own hands. A messenger from General Blücher repaired to M. Laffitte's house in the evening, charging him, in the name of his superior, to surrender to him the keys of the treasury of the bank. Prompt obedience was insisted on, or else an immediate conveyance to the fortress of Spandau. The officer threatened to put the order in force at that very instant, but M. Laffitte refused to comply, and only requested to be permitted to remain with his family till the following morning. The request was granted, and M. Laffitte, profiting by the few moments allowed to him, despatched an express to the Emperor Alexander, begging him for a safeguard and protection. The aid-de-camp of Blücher passed the night in the apartments of the banker, but on the following morning the express returned with a favorable and satisfactory answer.

When the landing of Napoleon on the shores of Provence was announced at the Tuileries, the royal government felt reluctant to apply to a banker that had exhibited so many striking proofs of patriotism; nevertheless it was to him that the party addressed themselves, in the hour of distress, to transmit to England the disposable sums that were at hand on the approach of Napoleon. M. Laffitte did not hesitate to comply, and take charge of that very delicate commission, forgetful of the rebuffs that he had previously experienced; and handed to the falling monarch a letter of credit on England, before he received the necessary securities himself.

Napoleon again falls; and it is M. Laffitte that is destined to become the depository of his fortune. But what was his recompense? nothing but slanders and insults on the part of the royal government; and what is more, Napoleon, on his death-bed, bequeath-

ed his property to those who had ruined him by their flatteries, but bestowed not a single mark of kindness or gratitude on the man who had assisted him in his distress.

In the Chamber of Deputies, M. Laffitte rarely mounts the tribune; but when there he speaks only of that which he thoroughly understands. Though his physical powers are feeble, and his voice weak, he continues to make himself well understood, because he knows well how to secure a hearing. His first speech on the question of the Budget, delivered in 1815, introduced a new era into France. It was the first time that any member ventured, in the tribune, to contradict the statements of the ministers; but this style of speaking soon came into vogue, and the merit of its original invention is justly to be ascribed to M. Laffitte. In all his speeches on subjects of finance, this member is very parsimonious of two things, of which the other orators are very lavish, that is, figures of arithmetic, and figures of speech: he reasons rather than calculates, and, like M. De Labourdonnaye, and, before him, the eloquent General Foy, he never goes into mere declamation. His diction is not always elegant, but it is neat; and his speeches are occasionally diffuse, but never violent. He uses but little gesture, and his preambles, as well as his action, are simple and natural. He delivers, occasionally, unpremeditated sentiments, and very successfully, on unforeseen subjects; his written and spoken language partake of the same character, which, considered with reference to the three excellent speeches which he lately delivered, no longer allows us to believe, (as is groundlessly asserted,) that he borrowed the pen of his friend Manuel. Whether the fabric of his mind, or his physical organization, be the cause that long periods and theatrical bursts of eloquence do not belong to him, or whether he be mistrustful of his own facility, he makes frequent pauses between his sentences; so that his style of speaking is not at all of a piece, and

the contexture of his arguments is not sufficiently close ; and the art of transposition is not possessed by him with so much accuracy as to make his conceptions seem to rise naturally one after the other. The following passage in one of his speeches will enable us to estimate both the man and the speaker, as it furnishes a criterion for judging of the difficult art of speaking about one's self, or the "*art d'egoiser*," which was a term used by the less modern authors of France. M. Roy, the reporter of the Commission of the Budget, having censured the proceedings of the bank, M. Laffitte, who was then governor of that establishment, replied to him, and thus retorted on the speaker for insinuations that appeared to him to be personal :—"I am not a contractor, and my fortune which is purely commercial, does not owe its origin, or its further progress, to speculations, in which the premium of risk is comprised in the state of the original bargains—I owe it to the honorable industry of forty years, and to a spirit of fair-dealing, which causes every man to believe that he may rely on my good faith and integrity."

As a public man, M. Laffitte is a friend to liberty ; and being a foster-child of the revolution, he will always feel for it a sort of filial piety. In his private capacity he is generous, benevolent, and humane ; faithful in his friendships, and easy and engaging with his occasional acquaintance. In other respects, his vanity is excessive, and he carries it to the extreme ; so that flattery, however gross it may be, is eagerly swallowed by him on every occasion. Behold him, any evening, at one of his grand balls, where the most select society of Paris is collect-

ed around him, of those most distinguished for rank, talents, importance, and property, to the number of two or three thousand. He there resembles a king receiving the homage of his subjects, rather than the master of a house that seems eager to give a kind and hospitable reception to his guests. This degree of stiffness is rather inexplicable, because the habits of M. Laffitte are simple, and amidst the gorgeous glare that surrounds him, he frequently betrays symptoms of his originally humble condition, and narrow economy and thrift. Thus, on these evenings of parade, he frequently takes a sponge in his hand to wipe off the water that flows down from the panes of glass, so that it may not spoil his fine mouldings, and the elegant gilding of his windows. But what are these little weaknesses compared with the many valuable qualities with which they are attended ? As he possesses an immense fortune, it may be asserted that no man knows better than M. Laffitte to make a good use of it. His purse is always open to the wretched and unfortunate. He has relieved the indigence of the family of Ney, by giving his only daughter in marriage to the eldest son of that Marshal. He has also relieved his proscribed countrymen ; and those especially who have taken refuge at London, have received ten thousand livres as gratuities of his bounty. In short, he is the natural protector of all industrious enterprises, of all useful talents, and all sufferers under unmerited misfortune ; and there is scarcely a single useful enterprise, or benevolent society in France, to which M. Laffitte has not contributed either by his influence, his counsels, or his purse.

THE BEAUTY OF WOMEN.—AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

AND Sadac said unto Ismael, the son of Berar, "wherein consists thy great happiness ? Of all the men I ever beheld thou seemest to me to

have the least cause of rejoicing, since thou hast lost a limb, an eye, and a hand, and moreover thou art poor, and hast none of the enjoyments of life."

And Ismael said, "O my prince, it is because thou hast not learned to discern wherein the enjoyment of life consists. Thou hast not learned, like thy servant, to be pleased with mankind as they are, and with events as they occur; and, when evil befall thee, to be thankful that it is not worse. When I lost one of my limbs, fighting in the camp of my father, I thanked Allah that I had not lost them both. When I lost an eye, fighting in my own cause, I conquered my inveterate enemy, and rejoicing said—I shall see the clearer with the eye that is left. And when I lost an arm, fighting under thee in the great battle of Bahara, in which the pride of Persia sank before our might, the men who bound up my wound said unto me—Ismael, thou art sorely wounded and lame besides; retire thou into the tent. But I refused, and said—I have one hand left, and with it will I fight for my prince until I fall, or the battle be gained. We conquered, and I rejoiced. I know of no man who has more reason to be thankful to God and our prophet than poor Ismael, the son of Berar."

"I cannot for my life perceive wherein it consists," said Sadac, "unless it be in deprivations, which are contrary in their nature to happiness. Tell me one of the chief enjoyments of the heart."

And Ismael said, "The highest enjoyment of which my frail nature is capable, has been in the endearments of one beloved object—in the society of Abra, my beloved wife, my only spouse, and the darling of my heart. She has proved to me the light of my soul, my crown of rejoicing, my stay and comfort in affliction, and the affectionate sharer in all my joys and sorrows. Ismael, the son of Berar, has had no earthly felicity that can be compared with the love and society of that beautiful, blessed, and divine creature."

And Sadac marvelled exceedingly, and he said, "I have thirty and six wives, and seventy and two concubines, the most beautiful women in

the world. They are all pure and without blemish; arrayed in the silken gauze of Cashmere, covered over with jewels and perfumes, and all ready to bestow their smiles and favors on the son of Azor; yet, instead of being my chief joy, from them proceed my greatest earthly plagues and torments. O Ismael, bring thy Abra before me, that I may look upon that beauty which is sufficient to confer such happiness on the possessor."

But Ismael said, "Shouldst thou covet and take her from me, thy servant's chief happiness in this world would be extinct."

But Sadac swore unto him, that though he admired her ever so much, yet would he not deprive him of what he held so dear. "For I have sufficiency of female beauty already," added he; "which when thou seest thou shalt acknowledge." And he led the lame Ismael away to the apartments of the women, and caused every one of them, amounting to more than a hundred, to pass by before him, and to unveil themselves. They were all beautiful as roses, for they were from beyond the river, and fair of complexion. And Sadac said, "Thou seest how lovely they are; wouldst thou not exchange thine Abra for any of these?"

And Ismael answered and said, "No, prince; I would not exchange my Abra for any of these, nor for all, beautiful though they are, which I deny not, though thou shouldst add the wealth of Cathema to boot."

And Sadac marvelled greatly, and said, "O Ismael, let me see this wonder of my dominions, whose beauty, single and alone, can ravish and delight a man, and render him completely happy from year to year." And Ismael did as his prince and ruler commanded, and he brought his wife, and she stood before Sadac the son of Azor. And Sadac said, "Is this thy wife, even thy beloved Abra?"

And Ismael said, "It is."

And Sadac lost all power, and fell from his seat down upon the floor of his pavilion; but it was not with love

for the wife of Ismael, but with laughter at the style of her beauty. For the woman was old and homely in the extreme, with a broad brown face, and gray eyes of a heavy and mild lustre. And the servants of Sadac tried to lift him up and set him on his seat, but they could not, for he had no power either to rise or to support himself thereon; and they said one to another, "What shall we do for Sadac, the son of Azor, our lord!"

And Sadac laughed seven days and seven nights at the beauty of Abra, the wife of Ismael.

And it came to pass after these days that he called Ismael unto him, and said, "O Ismael, son of Berar, how hast thou mocked me by asserting thy happiness with thy Abra, in derision of all the beauty in my harem, collected from the great river Euphrates even to the borders of Media, for my pleasure and happiness, which all that beauty has yet failed to produce!"

And Ismael said, "Far be it from me to mock my prince, or to tell him any word that is not downright truth. I agree with him, that without beauty there can be no happiness with wo-

man; but of female beauty there are many kinds and degrees; as many as in the whole range of nature besides. There is one beauty of the flowers of the field, another of the storms of heaven, and another of the sun shining in all his glory and strength. So in woman there is one beauty of the skin, and another of the soul; but the one is as superior to the other, as the sun shining in his glory and strength is to the short-lived and fading flowers of the valley. Thou, O Sadac, seekest only for selfish gratification, deeming that there happiness is to be found. How certain the event that thou wert to be disappointed! So shall all those be who expect to find true happiness in the pleasures of sense and the vanities of time. But I have sought and found a union of souls that began in youth, has strengthened with age, and will continue to improve and brighten for ever and ever."

And Sadac went home into his house heavy and concerned, and he said unto himself, "I would instantly go in search of that union of souls if I wist what it was."

WISHES OF YOUTH.

Gaily and greenly let my seasons run;
And should the war-winds of the world up-
root
The sanctities of life, and its sweet fruit
Cast forth as fuel for the fiery sun;
The dews be turned to ice—fair days begun
In peace wear out in pain, and sounds that
suit
Despair and discord keep Hope's harpstring
mute;

Still let me live as Love and Life were
one:
Still let me turn on earth a childlike gaze,
And trust the whispered charities that
bring
Tidings of human truth; with inward praise
Watch the weak motion of each common
thing,
And find it glorious—still let me raise
On wintry wrecks an altar to the Spring.

ESSAYS ON PHYSIOLOGY, OR THE LAWS OF ORGANIC LIFE.*

ESSAY III.—ON THE POWERS BY WHICH THE OPERATIONS OF THE ORGANIC FRAME ARE CARRIED ON.

WE have stated, that every organized body is endowed with that *principle*, to which we have given the term *sensibility*; and we would now, in continuance of the subject, observe, that

the *sensibility* of each part, or organ, is peculiar to itself; that is, although *sensibility* is universally diffused throughout every part of the frame, yet each possessing only its own pecu-

* See page 115.

liarily modified sensibility, lives, feels and moves, after its own way. Thus, for instance, stimuli which affect one organ, produce no impression on others; as the eye is insensible to sound, the ear to light. Still, although the *sensibility* of all the organs is thus modified, and peculiar to themselves, the whole conjunctively work together to one common end,—their mutual preservation and improvement, and the preservation of the individual.

With regard to *contractility*, which may be said uniformly to accompany sensibility, there is one modification which I have hitherto omitted to mention,—a modification, which organs in a healthy state never exhibit, when influenced by their natural and proper stimuli, namely, *contractility* at the same time *involuntary* and *sentient*, or *perceived*,—that is to say, an action which occurs independent of the will, over which the will has no power, and of which we have at the same time complete perception; as in the example of an electric shock, which, as every one knows, will produce powerful muscular contractions, perfectly involuntary, of which, however, we are as perfectly aware. Voluntary and perceived contractility attends upon, or is associated with, percipient sensibility; or, as it may be termed, perceptibility. Involuntary and insensible contractility is associated with latent sensibility.

From this view, we may easily satisfy ourselves of the existence of two modes of *feeling*, and of two sorts of *motion*,—a sensibility, by virtue of which certain parts send to the brain the impressions they receive, to be there objects of consciousness, and by which we are aware of our own existence, as well as that of the natural world around us; and a different mode of sensibility, belonging to all organs without exception, and which are all that some possess. These are adapted and sufficient for the exercise of the functions of nutrition, and by means of which the organs appropriated to this purpose are kept in action, and preserved in their natural state.

There are also two kinds of contractility,—the one in virtue of which certain organs, obedient to the will, exercise the contractions which it determines; the other, independent of the will, and which manifests itself by actions, of which we have no more intimation than we have of the impressions by which they are determined. This latter modification of sensibility and contractility, is that which we see manifested by vegetable life, and which many species, as the sensitive plant, the fly-trap, and others, so remarkably exhibit.

The latent sensibility, however associated to animal life, at least in the higher orders, differs considerably in one of its characters from that of the vegetable world, viz. the power it has of being altered and modified by circumstances, and of elevating itself to *perception*; and we would observe, that when organs endowed with this species of sensibility become the subjects of disease, they assume a new character, and manifest a percipient sensibility—often acute to the highest degree. The stomach, for example, when in health, possesses no conscious perception of the presence of natural food, which, when that organ is suffering under inflammation, produces the most intense pain.

On the contrary, we find that percipient sensibility may be altered by habit, (with reason termed second nature,) and degenerate into the *latent*: so that what before was felt, and even occasioned pain or uneasiness, ceases at length to communicate sensation. Sensibility and contractility, which offer very considerable shades of modification and difference in different individuals, according to age, sex, temperament, &c., have been by physiologists not unaptly compared to a fluid flowing from a given source, which may be exhausted and replenished, drained and consumed, distributed equally or unequally, or occasionally even concentrated in peculiar parts.

In childhood and youth, these two properties are in the greatest activity

and perfection ; but as age advances, they diminish more and more rapidly till death. The liveliness and frequency of impressions quickly wear out, and exhaust the *sensibility* ; and in organs, as, for instance, the muscles that have been long exercised, *contractility* shares the same fate, and rest and repose are necessary, as it were, for their refreshment, when the properties are again restored to their natural energy.

Under particular circumstances, sensibility appears to forsake every part of the system, and to become as it were concentrated in one part or organ ; the rest appearing at the same time almost totally deprived of it. For instance, if any part be suffering acute pain, or agony,—and uneasiness or pain of a more moderate degree be inflicted in another part,—this, (which otherwise would have been felt as irksome,) during the continuance of the more violent, will not be regarded, or even noticed. During sleep, percipient sensibility and voluntary contraction are in some measure suspended ; and this suspension is either more or less complete, according to the healthy soundness of the repose.

In the inhabitants of the warm climates of the south, it is observed, that sensibility is more lively, and more easily excited, than in those of more cold and northern regions. In the natives of Italy and Spain, and especially of Africa, we find a sensibility irritable to the highest degree : in the latter, it often happens that the slightest wounds produce convulsions, locked jaw, and death ; which are of comparatively unfrequent occurrence in these northern climates, as sequels to trifling injuries, and then only in persons of a morbidly irritable constitution.

When the muscular powers are more than usually developed, the nervous powers, if I may use the expression, appear to suffer a proportionate diminution ; that is, there appears to exist a kind of opposition between the force of muscular contraction and the sensibility of the nerves. Hence it is observed, that those whose athletic

force is immense, are sluggish in their motions and in their intellects, and with difficulty roused to active exertion of any kind ; they are, for the most part, but slightly affected by ordinary impressions. It seems as if an extra degree of stimulus were required to rouse the slumbering energy of the muscular powers, which, when once roused, and not till then, display the extent of their efficacy.

The *sensibility* which the higher orders of animals possess, depends, as we have before stated, upon the nerves, and is in fact a property connected with them, and essentially inseparable from their nature ; but those animals which possess no distinct nervous system, or rather perhaps in whose contexture distinct nerves have not been discovered, appear at once endowed with sensibility (latent,) and its companion, contractility, in all their parts and organs ; throughout the structure of which it would seem that they were essentially diffused ; and indeed in these orders of beings, the two properties just mentioned are so blended, that the separate existence of each as a distinct principle, cannot be conceived or understood, except as abstract qualities.

Percipient sensibility or perceptibility, is the power which certain nerves possess of receiving an impression, and of transmitting it to the brain, and the impression thus received is termed a sensation. This we have stated before ; but it may be asked, Is it proved that the *nerves* are the organs of sensation ? or that they do transmit impressions to the brain ? For the proof of this, we can appeal to observations and numberless experiments : it is found, for example, that if any principal nerve be divided, or even compressed, the part or organ over which such nerve is distributed, becomes at once insensible. Thus, if the optic nerve be injured, loss of vision is the consequence ;—if the spinal cord be hurt, the limbs below the injury become paralyzed ;—if the brain be suffering pressure, either

from too great a volume of blood circulating in the vessels ramifying over it, or from blood effused upon its surface, apoplexy, paralysis, and death, are the results.

In advancing to direct our inquiries respecting the impressions received through that power of the nerves termed percipient sensibility, we shall observe, in limine, that a distinction is to be drawn between the vividness of sensation, and the accuracy with which the mind judges of objects by sensation, or, as it is termed, *accuracy of feeling*.

The first time that any stimulus acts upon the senses, it in general produces a vivid sensation; but the liveliness and vividness of impressions become diminished in proportion as the action of such stimulus on the senses is repeated; and by these means, the sensation may be at length almost annihilated; which effect is produced in common language by habit. Sensations can, in some degree, be rendered, at will, more vivid and intense; and the Author of our frame has also endowed us with the faculty of moderating and diminishing them. Thus, if we wish to render a sensation as impressive as possible, we dispose the organs of sensation in the most advantageous manner,—we direct the whole nervous sensibility to one particular part,—we receive but a small number of impressions at the same time, applying all our attention to them:—hence, a great difference is established between merely seeing, and regarding attentively; between hearing, and listening. On the other hand, when we wish to moderate the vivacity of any sensation, we either generalize (if the term be allowed) the nervous sensibility, or direct it intently to another object;—for instance, if I happen to be in a room where conversation is passing, to which I wish not to listen; if I direct, by a sort of mental force, my attention to some object, as the examination of a painting, or engage myself in thinking on a subject which requires a more than common exertion of the mind,—

I shall not hear a word of what is spoken; and the same effect will be produced, if I abstract my attention totally from every thing around me, and fix my thoughts, as it were, on vacancy, assuming a state of mental abstraction, called reverie.

We have already previously observed, that it is through the medium of sensation we become aware of our own existence, and the existence of surrounding objects. The sensations by which we acquire this knowledge, various and complex as they may be, have been, by some writers, referred ultimately to two classes, viz. pleasure and pain; and although numberless sensations, which we perpetually experience, appear to excite in us neither the one nor the other, we must not too hastily conclude that this arrangement is without foundation; for let us reflect on the modification which *habit* produces—how soon even pain becomes less irksome, and pleasure a matter of indifference; and remember how those circumstances, which on their first occurrence produced feelings of delight, are now little noticed by their continuance or frequency; at the same time considering, also, how in childhood, when the system is as yet new to the crowd of sensations which are about to call forth the exercise of untried faculties, no occurrence is indifferent, but a cause either of pleasure or of pain, and we shall be more ready to yield our assent. Besides, too, it must be allowed, that although numberless sensations (and it is wisely so ordered by Providence) do not draw us from our duties by the pleasure or pain they communicate, a slight or unusual increase of any of such sensations immediately determines it decisively to the one state of feeling or the other.

It is by a wise and merciful arrangement, that without any process of reasoning, without the aid of reflection, we instinctively withdraw from whatever inflicts pain, and are so led to avoid at once whatever militates against the safety and preservation of our animal frame;—and hence

arises a natural love of pleasure, which, were we like the brutes that perish, it would be well to indulge in; but which reason and religion teach us to enjoy with moderation, or forego altogether, when (as is too often the case) such indulgence would render us useless and unworthy members of society.

We have already intimated, that sensation supposes a common sensorium, to which every impression must be referred. Hence certain animals of the lowest rank, we may conclude with reason, feel nothing; or at least, nothing analogous to what we call pain or pleasure; and here again we see proofs of wisdom. These animals are all incapable of avoiding injuries, to which they are continually liable; hence, did they feel, their existence must of necessity be one of unavoidable suffering; but such is their organization, and their tenacity of life, that they are not only divided into parts with impunity to themselves, but in many animals the parts become distinct existences.

With respect to *accuracy* of feeling, (and in this expression we would include all the senses,) we have to remark, that it is acquired only by practice and experience; and hence, the eye is enabled to judge correctly of *size* and *distance*, as well as of the minute gradations of color. For example: to an infant, or to one born blind, but whose sight has been lately restored, distant objects seem as near as those that are so; for a knowledge of perspective, of relative size and proportion, is yet to be gained;—by degrees, however, the eye begins to discriminate with accuracy, and at length the sense is perfect. It is thus, also, with regard to the ear: it is, for the most part, practice alone, which enables us to distinguish, by the medium of this organ, between discord and harmony, and every modulation of sound; and by practice, the sense of taste likewise becomes refined and discriminating. An equally complete perfection of all the senses at once, seems almost impossible to be

acquired; for it has been observed that a more than usual development of one is generally attended by a deterioration of the rest; and that when one is lost, some of the others are rendered more acute. Thus, in the blind, we often see an extreme liveliness and vigor of feeling, so that by the touch alone many are able to distinguish even the varieties of color: this faculty, of course, is gained only by habit and frequent practice; but were the organs of all the senses perfect, such a result would never arise, even from the most assiduous application.

The different senses, as they are termed, although possessed by all the animals of the higher class, that is, by mammalia and birds, are not disposed among them in the same degree; nor even among all the tribes of which the human race is composed; since it appears, that different nations are more or less gifted in various points, according to their necessities, habits, and modes of life. For instance, man, in civilized society, endowed with vision sufficiently clear and distinct, possesses not this faculty in so powerful and extensive a degree as the Arab or American Indian; but over the most gifted in this respect of the human race, many animals, especially of the feathered tribe, have amazing advantage. The eagle, towering above the clouds beyond our sight, or seen only as a dark speck in the sky, surveys the wide extent of the mountain-range or plain below, and marks his prey at an almost incredible distance. The sense of smell in the dog, the vulture, and many other animals, is extremely acute and discerning; for it is by the exercise of this faculty, principally, that they are enabled to procure their food. But to man, having no need of this, and in every climate depending on means far different for his support, Nature, bountiful, but not lavish, has denied a gift, which, if possessed in so great a degree, would be of no utility, if not an actual disadvantage.

In the sense of hearing, as it respects distance, although man is infe-

rior to many animals, none possess an ear so highly discriminating and susceptible; nor does it appear that in other animals this delicacy (as far as they do possess it) can be corrected and improved;—among mankind, however, we must allow considerable difference to exist. Some individuals, for instance, are susceptible, from birth, of a peculiarly pleasurable emotion from certain successions of modulated sounds, termed music; and the individuals thus deriving pleasure, are said to have a musical ear. To others, on the contrary, music affords no pleasure; and some can scarcely distinguish one tune from another. Still, however, a taste for music may be acquired, provided the ear be capable of discriminating well between each variety and modulation of tone, or, in other words, be, as it is commonly termed, *nice*. I think we must allow, that a *nice* and a *musical* ear are distinct from each other; for (though it commonly may be so) it does not follow that an ear, possessing great discrimination between sounds, should derive much pleasure from them; yet still, by such an ear, a musical taste may certainly be acquired.

With regard to other animals, although some are delighted by melody, or a succession of simple sounds, yet it does not appear that they derive that peculiar gratification from harmony which man so universally enjoys, or at least may, by cultivation.

The sense of taste, we may reasonably conclude, man possesses in a degree decidedly superior to that of all inferior animals; for although he is certainly unable by this faculty to distinguish poisonous or noxious substances, from those of a contrary nature, which we see exemplified in many animals, especially of the herbivorous class, by their rejecting those plants whose effects are known to be injurious to them; yet as this faculty is evidently the result of an instinctive perception, and therefore unconnected with *delicacy* of taste, it will hardly be allowed probable, that, as it is unnecessary, they should possess it in a

higher, or in so high a degree of perfection as man, in whom we know this sense to be capable of such modification and refinement. The class of birds and fishes are in this point, beyond dispute, considerably below man and the mammalia; and yet these are also able to discriminate in the choice of their food, being guided merely by instinct. Hence, as it appears that it is by instinct that the lower animals are guided in the selection of food, refusing or accepting, according as it dictates, and not liking or disliking from a refined delicacy of taste, there is no reason why this endowment, in a degree equal to what man enjoys, should be assigned to them, as some physiologists have done.

In the sense of feeling, a property diffused so universally throughout all animated nature, man stands supremely preëminent. To every part of his frame this power belongs, but the *hand* alone can distinguish and appreciate; it is the regulator of the sight, and corrects its errors and mistakes,—it informs us of the size, figure, consistency, dryness, or humidity, and to a certain degree of the temperature, of bodies; and is, besides, capable of a degree of perfection scarcely credible. But among the brute creation delicacy of touch is not necessary; nor is it indeed compatible with their mode of existence. Yet if we survey the animal world, we shall find that each, according to the intellectual powers (we crave a license for the expression) of the class or order to which it belongs, possesses this sense, refined to a greater or less extent; for it would seem, that between the powers of judgment and reflection, and delicacy of touch, there exists a considerable connexion; as if the latter was given to inform, aid, and direct these mental operations, and bring more accurate information upon objects, of which juster ideas will thus be gained, and on which the mind may thus be more advantageously exercised. But as none approach mankind in mental powers, so none in this respect also

are equally endowed. Indeed, if we except the ape tribe, whose anatomical configuration approaches closely to that of man, we do not find any orders of beings endowed with, and using the hand, like man, as the grand organ of touch, and capable of such exquisite improvement.

But among the assembly of lower animals, the elephant stands conspicuous, unique, and remarkable for the peculiar organ of touch with which nature has invested him. He has not a hand, but his proboscis, with what may well be called a finger at its extremity, and which is sensitive and pliable, gives him a vast and decided advantage. He is thus enabled, not only to gather his food, which he does by means of this instrument, and convey it to his mouth, but to pick up and examine substances extremely minute.

But as it respects the brute creation in general, although many animals, as the squirrel, the cat, and others, make a considerable use of the arm, if it may be so called, and are certainly furnished by its means with the sense of touch to a limited degree, still we do not find this member terminating in a hand—flexible, and capable of such extensive power and variety of motion—so exquisitely sensible, also, as in man. We find no distinct and accurately formed fingers, covered with a soft cushion, composed almost entirely of one mass of nervous fibres, and a network of vessels. On the contrary, in all animals in which even an approach to the human hand is discovered, we find this organ ill-shaped, or indistinctly divided,—the fingers are not tapering, nor protected by a broad expanded nail;—this is constructed in such, for retaining or lacerating, rather than for serving as a defence to the multitude of nerves, with which the fingers in man are so abundantly supplied.

It may not, perhaps, be foreign in this place to remark, that the presence, absence, and relative perfection of the *clavicle*, or collar-bone, in animals, furnishes a characteristic mark of the de-

gree of motion enjoyed by the arm, (as we venture to call it,) and consequently, of an organ of greater or less similitude to the human hand, as it regards use and sensibility. For example: in the horse, cow, &c. the motion of the forelimbs is confined, being merely progressive;—in these the clavicle is wanting, and their foot bears not the slightest resemblance to the hand, either in configuration or sensibility. But, on the contrary, in the ape we find a perfect clavicle, and an arm and hand differing but in a few points from the human, and enjoying perfect freedom of motion. In the squirrel, the mouse, and others, the clavicle, though existing, is imperfect; the hand bears a much more distant resemblance to the human; the power of rotatory motion in the arm is more circumscribed; the nails are formed for seizing and retaining, and the sensibility of the hand is inconsiderable. Below these animals, are the feline tribe;—the cat, for instance, has a still less perfect clavicle, and the motion of the fore-limbs is still more limited, while the foot or paw, (for here it cannot be called hand,) incapable of holding or grasping objects, as in the squirrel, is furnished with nails, destined to seize and lacerate. Thus do we find, among the inferior mammalia, according to the perfection or absence of the clavicle, a nearer or more distant approach to the human arm and hand in shape, sensibility, and power of motion.

The sense of touch, properly so called, is enjoyed universally by the skin or integument surrounding and enveloping the frame; but, as we have intimated, not by every part of it in the same accurate degree of perfection; for as this depends, in a great measure, on use and habit, (supposing also a nicer organization,) where it is the most exercised in a way accordant with nature, it will, of course, be the most perfect.

The term *skin* is employed to designate a texture, composed of *three membranes*, differing from each other in use and composition. These are the

cutis vera, or true skin; the *rete mucosum*, or mucous web; and the *epidermis*, external membrane, or cuticle. The *cutis vera* is a texture formed almost entirely of vessels and nerves,—at least they are distributed most abundantly throughout its whole composition. Here, numerous minute arteries terminate in *exhalants*,—here the *absorbent system* commences, and the *nervous filaments* end. If this membrane be accurately examined, multitudes of small *papillæ* or eminences are found arising from its surface, disposed in regular order, but varying in different parts in shape and magnitude: these are the pulpos extremities of the nerves, thus elevated, for the purpose of increasing their power of perception, and surrounded by a web of the most exquisite fineness. In those parts where the sense of touch is most exercised and in the highest perfection, as in the hand and tips of the fingers, these *papillæ* are the most distinct and elevated. Over this *cutis vera* is spread the *rete mucosum*, so called from its gelatinous consistence and net-like structure, being perforated universally by the exhalant vessels, absorbents, and nervous *papillæ*. The principal use of this delicate web seems to be, to preserve the nerves in a state of moisture, favorable to their sensibility and action.

In all climates the color of the *rete mucosum* is found to vary; but from what cause it is difficult perhaps to determine. In the negro it is black; in the American, copper-colored; in the Asiatic, tawny or olive; and in the European, from a darkness almost equal to the negro, to a white; in fact, it would seem, that as we recede from the temperate climes to the tropic, or to the pole, the skin gradually assumes a darker hue, till, under the equator at least, it becomes completely black.

The *rete mucosum* we have stated to be gelatinous; and to prevent the evaporation of moisture, and preserve it in its natural state of humidity, it is entirely covered by the *epidermis*,

or cuticle. This is a thin, transparent, and insensible membrane, being supplied neither with nerves nor vessels of any description. If minutely examined, it is found to be abundantly perforated in every part by the orifices of the exhalants and absorbents, commonly called the *pores*; but besides preventing evaporation, the use of the epidermis is also to cover the nervous *papillæ*, and thereby moderate the sensation, too vivid, and amounting to pain, which the actual contact of even the most delicate bodies would produce. When removed, as by blisters or scalding water, the epidermis is quickly reproduced, but by what precise process, is still doubtful.—Some animals shed the cuticle periodically, entire like a sheath, as serpents; from other animals, it is thrown off in the form of scales or dust, a new cuticle being previously prepared. Besides these natural changes, it undergoes others, as thickening from pressure, which we may observe in the palms of the hands, or soles of the feet, sometimes assuming the consistence of horn.

The cuticle offers a variety of appearances in different animals, from a texture soft and delicate, and even like mucus in some aquatic animals, to scales, shells, and plates, constituting a natural armor.

These are the membranes composing the skin; but besides this, there is universally or partially between it and the muscles, in most animals, what is called the *cellular membrane*. This is a tissue composed of membranous cells, formed by the crossing of the membranes in all directions, and serving as the receptacle for the fat. Its use appears to be to weaken the impressions of external injuries, and protect against the effect of changes of temperature in the surrounding element; but especially to serve as a magazine for the deposition of the superabundant nutriment which the system is supplied with, to be re-absorbed as the wants of the body may require.

TOO HANDSOME FOR ANY THING.

MR. FERDINAND FITZROY was one of those models of perfection of which a human father and mother can produce but a single example—Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was therefore an only son. He was such an amazing favorite with both his parents that they resolved to ruin him; accordingly, he was exceedingly spoiled, never annoyed by the sight of a book, and had as much plum-cake as he could eat. Happy would it have been for Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy could he always have eaten plum-cake, and remained a child. "Never," says the Greek tragedian, "reckon a mortal happy till you have witnessed his end." A most beautiful creature was Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy! Such eyes—such hair—such teeth—such a figure—such manners, too—and such an irresistible way of tying his neckcloth! When he was about sixteen, a crabbed old uncle represented to his parents the propriety of teaching Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy to read and write. Though not without some difficulty, he convinced them,—for he was exceedingly rich, and riches in an uncle are wonderful arguments respecting the nurture of a nephew whose parents have nothing to leave him. So our hero was sent to school. He was naturally (I am not joking now) a very sharp, clever boy; and he came on surprisingly in his learning. The schoolmaster's wife liked handsome children. "What a genius will Master Ferdinand Fitzroy be, if you take pains with him!" said she, to her husband. "Pooh, my dear, it is of no use to take pains with him." "And why, love?" "Because he is a great deal too handsome ever to be a scholar." "And that's true enough, my dear!" said the schoolmaster's wife. So, because he was too handsome to be a scholar, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy remained the lag of the fourth form! They took our hero from school.—"What profession shall he follow?"

said his mother. "My first cousin is the lord chancellor," said his father; "let him go to the bar." The lord chancellor dined there that day; Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was introduced to him. His lordship was a little, rough-faced, beetle-browed, hard-featured man, who thought beauty and idleness the same thing—and a parchment skin the legitimate complexion for a lawyer. "Send him to the bar!" said he, "no, no, that will never do!—send him into the army; he is much too handsome to become a lawyer." "And that's true enough, my lord!" said the mother. So they bought Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy a cornetcy in the — regiment of dragoons. Things are not learned by inspiration. Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy had never ridden at school, except when he was hoisted; he was, therefore, a very indifferent horseman; they sent him to the riding-school, and everybody laughed at him. "A horrid puppy!" said Lieutenant St. Squintem, who was very ugly; "if he does not ride better, he will disgrace the regiment!" said Capt. Rivalhate, who was very good-looking; "if he does not ride better, we will cut him!" said Colonel Everdrill, who was a wonderful martinet. "Pooh, sir, he will never ride better." "And why will he not?" "Bless you! colonel, he is a great deal too handsome for a cavalry officer!" "True!" said Cornet Horsephiz. "Very true!" said Lieutenant St. Squintem. "We must cut him!" said the colonel. And Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly cut. Our hero was a youth of susceptibility—he quitted the — regiment, and challenged the colonel. The colonel was killed! "What a terrible blackguard is Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy!" said the colonel's relations. "Very true!" said the world. The parents were in despair! They were not rich; but our hero was an only son, and they sponged hard upon the

crabbed old uncle. "He is very clever," said they both, "and may do yet." So they borrowed some thousands of the uncle, and bought his beautiful nephew a seat in parliament. Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was ambitious, and desirous of retrieving his character. He fagged like a dragon—condemned pamphlets and reviews—got Ricardo by heart—and made notes on the English Constitution. He rose to speak. "What a handsome fellow!" whispered one member. "Ah, a coxcomb!" said another. "Never do for a speaker!" said a third, very audibly. And the gentlemen on the opposite benches sneered and *heard*! Impudence is only indigenous in Milesia, and an orator is not made in a day. Discouraged by his reception, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy grew a little embarrassed. "Told you so!" said one of his neighbors. "Fairly broke down!" said another. "Too fond of his hair to have anything in his head," said a third, who was considered a wit. "Hear, hear!" cried the gentlemen on the opposite benches. Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy sat down—he had not shone; but, in justice, he had not failed. Many a first-rate speaker had begun worse; and many a county member had been declared a phoenix of promise upon half his merit. Not so, thought the heroes of corn laws. "Your Adonises never make orators!" said a crack speaker with a wry nose. "Nor men of business, either," added the chairman of a committee, with a face like a kangaroo's. "Poor devil!" said the civilist of the set. "He's a deuced deal too handsome for a speaker! By Jove, he is going to speak again! this will never do; we must cough him down." And Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly coughed down. Our hero was now seven or eight and twenty, handsomer than ever, and the adoration of all the young ladies at Almack's. "We have nothing to leave you," said the parents, who had long spent their fortune, and now lived on the credit of having once enjoyed it. "You are the handsomest man in London; you

must marry an heiress." "I will," said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy. Miss Helen Convolvulus was a charming young lady, with a hare-lip and six thousand a-year. To Miss Helen Convolvulus then our hero paid his addresses. But what an uproar her relations made about the matter! "Easy to see his intentions," said one: "a handsome fortune-hunter, who wants to make the best of his person!"—"handsome is that handsome does," says another;—"he was turned out of the army and murdered his colonel;"—"never marry a beauty," said a third; "he can admire none but himself;"—"will have so many mistresses," said a fourth;—"make you perpetually jealous," said a fifth;—"spend your fortune," said a sixth;—"and break your heart," said a seventh. Miss Helen Convolvulus was prudent and wary. She saw a great deal of justice in what was said; and was sufficiently contented with liberty and six thousand a-year, not to be highly impatient for a husband; but our heroine had no aversion to a lover, especially to so handsome a lover as Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy. Accordingly, she neither accepted nor discarded him; but kept him on hope, and suffered him to get into debt with his tailor and his coachmaker, on the strength of becoming Mr. Fitzroy Convolvulus. Time went on, and excuses and delays were easily found; however, our hero was sanguine, and so were his parents. A breakfast at Chiswick and a putrid fever carried off the latter, within one week of each other; but not till they had blessed Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, and rejoiced that they had left him so well provided for. Now, then, our hero depended solely upon the crabbed old uncle and Miss Helen Convolvulus;—the former, though a baronet and a satirist, was a banker and a man of business:—he looked very distastefully at the Hyperian curls and white teeth of Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy. "If I make you my heir," said he, "I expect you will continue the bank." "Certainly, sir!" said the nephew.

"Humph!" grunted the uncle; "a pretty fellow for a banker!" Debtors grew pressing to Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy grew pressing to Miss Helen Convolvulus. "It is a dangerous thing," said she, timidly, "to marry a man so admired,—will you always be faithful?" "By heaven!" cried the lover. "Heigho!" sighed Miss Helen Convolvulus, and Lord Rufus Pumilion entering, the conversation was changed. But the day of the marriage was fixed; and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy bought a new curriole. By Apollo, how handsome he looked in it! A month before the wedding-day the uncle died. Miss Helen Convolvulus was quite tender in her condolences—"Cheer up, my Ferdinand," said she; "for your sake I have discarded Lord Rufus Pumilion!" "Adorable condescension!" cried our hero; "but Lord Rufus Pumilion is only four feet two, and has hair like a peony." "All men are not so handsome as Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy!" was the reply. Away goes our hero to be present at the opening of his uncle's will. "I leave," said the testator (who I have before said was a bit of a satirist), "my share of the bank, and the whole of my fortune, legacies excepted, to"—(here Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy wiped his beautiful eyes with a cambric handkerchief,

exquisitely *brodé*)—"my natural son, John Spriggs, an industrious, pains-taking youth, who will do credit to the bank. I did once intend to have made my nephew, Ferdinand, my heir; but so curling a head can have no talent for accounts. I want my successor to be a man of business, not beauty; and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy is a great deal too handsome for a banker: his good looks will, no doubt, win him any heiress in town. Meanwhile, I leave him, to buy a dressing-case, a thousand pounds." "A thousand devils!" said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, banging out of the room. He flew to his mistress. She was not at home. "Lies," says the Italian proverb, "have short legs;" but truths, if they are unpleasant, have terribly long ones! The next day Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy received a most obliging note of dismissal. "I wish you every happiness," said Miss Helen Convolvulus, in conclusion,— "but my friends are right; you are much too handsome for a husband!" And the week after, Miss Helen Convolvulus became Lady Rufus Pumilion. "Alas! sir!" said the bailiff, as a day or two after the dissolution of parliament he was joggling along with Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, in a hackney-coach bound to the King's Bench,— "Alas! sir, what a pity it is to take so handsome a gentleman to prison!"

THE SISTER'S DREAM.

"And now in visions to her couch they come,
The early lost, the beautiful, the dead,
That unto her bequeath'd a mournful home,
Whence, with their voices, all sweet laughter fled—
They rise—the sisters of her youth arise,
As from a world where no frail blossom dies."

MRS. HEMANS.

THEY come, they come, from the bowers
above—
The land of spirits, the climes of love—
A radiant band!—they are hovering now
O'er the lovely sleeper reclin'd below:
They are looking upon her with dewy
eyes,
Bidding sweet thoughts in her heart arise;
And, like guardian angels, their watch are
keeping
Around the couch where their sister's sleep-
ing.

And she sees them now in her shadowy
dream,
And she softly murmurs each well known
name,
And she calls them to her with love and truth,
By the dear familiar names of youth;
And they know her voice, and they hear her
sigh,
As she dreams of the happy days gone by;
And holy and pure are the words they shed,
As they shower down blessings upon her
head.

And they gaze on the face of the lovely
 sleeper,
 And call on the God of Heaven to keep her
 Free from all danger, and pain, and sin,
 Till a virtuous course of life shall win
 That home, where the lov'd ones are gone
 before,
 Where sin and sorrow can vex no more,
 And where they shall ever united be,
 Blessing and bless'd eternally !

Oh, if it be that the lov'd departed
 Are permitted to visit the broken-hearted ;
 To descend at times from their bright, bright
 sphere,
 Heralding hope to those lingering here ;
 To hover about our path and bed,
 A balm o'er our wounded hearts to shed ;—
 Surely such visits as these are given
 To prepare our souls for the joys of Hea-
 ven.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

THERE are some few grave men who think that the temple of learning is daily profaned by a rabble rout, let in at the back-door by crafty editors. They complain that the secrets discovered by them, with so much labor, are degraded into the amusements of the idle and the vulgar. They seem to regret the days when no book less than a folio was ever published, and when none, therefore, but themselves would have ever read—days when the works of authors were truly imperishable ; for, if once the mighty tomes were printed, they defied the damp of cellars, or the teeth of mice, to destroy them. They are indignant at the small compass into which many a weighty argument has been compressed, and they consider that the art of printing has been degraded, by being made the organ of so much that is familiar and transitory. Now, this last is exactly what I should glory in. The solitary man finds, in much that is printed, all the levity and relief of conversation, and can enjoy the pleasures of company and still retain his slippers and his easy chair. I look upon the Periodicals around me as a kind of society, as gentlemen who talk in print ; and I rarely take up a newspaper or a magazine, without first greeting it with the usual salutation of the day. What is still more agreeable, I can impose silence on these whenever I please, without imputation of rudeness ; and, if I am myself in a dogmatising mood, I can rail at them as long and as loud as I choose, without danger of a challenge or an answer.

There is one evil, however, in all

this, which I will not attempt to palliate. Though Periodicals are the very support and sustenance of a bachelor, yet, on the other hand, they have to answer for the destruction of the peace and sociability of many a family circle. How often has a room-full of chatterers been put to silence and confusion by the entrance of a journal ! The greatest talker of the whole betakes himself to the more selfish pleasure of reading ; and he who before amused others while he was amusing himself, is now a restraint upon the little community, and the object, perhaps, of its secret envy. For this injury to the social system, which I do not for a moment deny, but which I can only hope is overbalanced by still greater benefits, I would propose as a remedy, that every lady should make it a stipulation in her marriage settlement, "that the said A. B. shall not, nor will, during the hours of breakfast, tea, or supper, or for the space of ~~sixty~~ minutes after each and every of the said meals, (the said sixty minutes to be calculated by the minute-hand of the outside clock of the nearest parish church, provided that the said clock be going, and be in thorough repair, certificate of which, &c.) read or peruse, or appear to be reading or perusing, any gazette, journal, magazine," &c. Some such measure is undoubtedly necessary. How often has Mrs. — to exclaim, in a tone of tender petulance, "My dear Henry, do pray put down that *stupid* paper !" venting her impatience by laying a cruel emphasis on the word *stupid*. "Well, my dear, what have

you to say?" answers the said Henry, dropping his journal for a moment, but with the most provoking determination not to find any topic of conversation himself. "Mrs. V— called on me this morning." "So you told me." "And did I tell you that her son?"—"All about it, my dear." Then follows a pause, which Henry takes advantage of, and begins again to read, while Mrs. — consoles herself with the determination to be in her turn as sulky and as silent as she can. I have sometimes hinted to the fair complainant, that this reading will, at least, supply them with new subjects for future conversation; but I have been told in answer, that no such thing is necessary, that the old ones do well enough, and that, generally speaking, those people who think on many things, speak the least on any one.

There are some who speak in a slighting tone of *ephemeral* literature, as though it were a disgrace to be short-lived. I might repeat the old maxim of "a short life and a merry one;" but I rather think that this kind of literature has a species of immortality peculiar to itself; for, if it is every moment sinking into oblivion, it is every moment rising again into life. It should be considered as one continuous whole; not as existing in its separate parts. It is the perpetual fountain, whose life and whose beauty are not to be found in any one drop of the ever-changing liquid,—a fountain, whose boast it is to be continually exhibiting, under a graceful form, some portion of the collected, and otherwise stagnant, waters of learning. For my-

self, indeed, I do not join in the usual contempt of an antiquated Periodical. I look upon it with something of that melancholy feeling with which I should regard the picture of an ancestress, decked out in the transitory fashions, and expressing the artificial spirit, of a past century. I smile at the fervor with which it speaks of the favorite actor or singer of their day, now totally forgotten,—at the eagerness with which it relates the news, or the rumors of news, which now appear of the tamest insignificance, and the importance it attaches to facts which the dusty chronicler can now with difficulty collect. Other authors have spent their passion on subjects which will at all times command the sympathy of men; but the Magazine writer has exhausted his on a topic of momentary interest. There he stands, in the same attitude of defiance, or astonishment, into which he was surprised by the popular excitement of the time: he is still gazing, with awe and wonder, upon the ghost which the rest of the world has long since discovered to have been a white sheet upon an ivy bush. I feel a certain pleasure, too, in perusing those calmer speculations which were never expected to be read after the first month of their publication: I seem to be drawing the authors again into existence; or, rather, I seem to be visiting them alone, as they wander among the dead. And, for my own ambition, it will be well satisfied, if, on a future day, some idler like myself should alight upon my papers, and sympathise, for a brief moment, with their nameless writer.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE FIRST DAY OF THE ROOKS.

A REMINISCENCE.

HAPPIEST of all human homes, beautiful Craig-Hall! For so even now dost thou appear to be—in the rich, deep, mellow, green light of imagination trembling on tower and tree.—Art thou yet undilapidated and undecayed, in thy old manorial solemnity

almost majestical, though even then thou hadst long been tenanted but by a humble farmer's family—people of low degree! The evening-festival of the First Day of the Rooks—nay, scoff not at such an anniversary—was still held in thy ample kitchen—of

old the bower of brave lords and ladies bright—while the harper, as he sang his song of love or war, kept his eyes fixed on her who sat beneath the deas. The days of chivalry were gone—and the days had come of curds and cream, and, preferred by some people, though not by us, of cream-cheese. Old men and old women, widowers and widows, yet all alike cheerful and chatty at a great age, for often as they near the dead, how more life-like seem the living! Middle-aged men and middle-aged women, husbands and wives, those sedate with hair combed straight on their foreheads, sun-burnt faces, and horny hands established on their knees,—these serene with countenances many of them not unlovely—comely all—and with arms decently folded beneath their matronly bosoms—as they sat in their holiday dresses, feeling as if the season of youth had hardly yet flown by, or were, on such a merry meeting, for a blink restored! Boys and virgins—those bold even in their bashfulness,—these blushing whenever eyes met eyes—nor would they—could they—have spoken in the hush to save their souls—yet ere the evening star arose, many a pretty maiden had, down-looking and playing with the hem of her garment, sung linnets-like her ain favorite auld Scottish sang! and many a sweet sang even then delighted Scotia's spirit, though Robin Burns was but a boy—walking mute among the wild flowers on the moor—nor aware of the immortal melodies soon to breathe from his impassioned heart!

Of all the year's holidays, not even excepting the First of May, this was the most delightful. The First of May, longed for so passionately from the first peep of the primrose, sometimes came deformed with mist and cloud, or cheerless with whistling winds, or winter-like with a sudden fall of snow. And thus all our hopes were dashed—the roomy hay-wagon remained in its shed—the preparations made for us in the distant moorland farm-house were vain—the fishing-

rods hung useless on the nails—and disconsolate schoolboys sat moping in corners, sorry, ashamed, and angry with Scotland's springs. But though the "leafy month of June" be frequently showery, it is almost always sunny too. Every half hour there is such a radiant blink that the young heart sings aloud for joy; summer rain makes the hair grow, and hats are of little or no use towards the Longest Day; there is something cheerful even in thunder, if it be not rather too near; the lark has not yet ceased altogether to sing, for he soars over his second nest unappalled beneath the sablest cloud; the green earth repels from her refulgent bosom the blackest shadows, nor will suffer herself to be saddened in the fulness and brightness of her bliss; through the heaviest flood the blue skies will still be making their appearance with an impatient smile, and all the rivers and burns with the multitude of their various voices, sing praises unto heaven.

Therefore, bathing our feet in joy, we went bounding over the flowery fields and broomy braes to the grove-girdled Craig-Hall. During the long noisy day, we thought not of the coming evening, happy as we knew it was to be; and during the long and almost as noisy evening, we forgot all the pastime of the day. Weeks before, had each of us engaged his partner for the first country-dance, by right his own, when supper came, and to sit close to him with her tender side, with waist at first stealthily arm-encircled, and at last boldly and almost with proud display. In the church-yard, before or after Sabbath-service, a word whispered into the ear of blooming and blushing rustic sufficed; or if that opportunity failed, the angler had but to step into her father's burn-side cottage, and with the contents of his basket, leave a tender request, and from behind the gable-end, carry away a word, a smile, a kiss, and a waving farewell.

Many a high-roofed hall have we, since those days, seen made beautiful

with festoons and garlands, beneath the hand of taste and genius decorating, for some splendid festival, the abode of the noble expecting a still nobler guest. But oh! what pure bliss, and what profound, was then breathed into the bosom of boyhood from that glorious branch of hawthorn, in the chimney—itself almost a tree, so thick—so deep—so rich its load of blossoms,—so like its fragrance to something breathed from heaven—and so transitory in its sweetness too, that as she approached to inhale it, down fell many a snow-flake to the virgin's breath—in an hour all melted quite away! No broom that now-a-days grows on the brae, so yellow as the broom—the golden broom—the broom that seemed still to keep the hills in sunlight long after the sun himself had sunk—the broom in which we first found the lintwhite's nest—and of its petals, more precious than pearls, saw framed a wreath for the dark hair of that dark-eyed girl, an orphan, and melancholy even in her meriment, dark-haired and dark-eyed indeed, but whose forehead, whose bosom, were yet whiter than the driven snow. Green-houses, conservatories, orange-ries—are exquisitely balmy still—and,

in presence of these strange plants, one could believe that he had been transported to some rich foreign clime. But then we carry the burden of our years along with us—and that consciousness bedims the beauty of the blossoms, and makes mournful the balm as from flowers in some fair burial-place, breathing of the tomb. But oh! that Craig-Hall hawthorn! and oh! that Craig-Hall broom! they send their sweet rich scent so far into the hushed air of memory, that all the weary worn-out weaknesses of age drop from us like a garment, and even now—the flight of that swallow seems more aerial—more alive with bliss his clay-built nest—the ancient long-ago blue of the sky returns to heaven—not for many a many a long year have we seen so fair—so frail—so transparent and angel-mantle-looking a cloud! The very viol speaks—the very dance responds in Craig-Hall—this—this is the very Festival of the First Day of the Rooks—Mary Mather, the pride of the parish—the county—the land—the earth—is our partner—and long mayest thou, O moon! remain behind thy cloud—when the parting kiss is given, and the love-letter, at that tenderest moment, dropped into her bosom!

DUELS IN FRANCE.

DUELS had at one time become so frequent in France as to require particular enactments for their prevention; as, for example, when the debt about which any dispute occurred did not amount to five-pence. The regulation of the mode in which the barbarous custom might be maintained, had engaged the attention of several of the French kings. In 1205 Philip Augustus restricted the length of the club, with which single combat was then pursued, to three feet; and in 1260 Saint Louis abolished the practice of deciding civil matters by duelling. With the revival of literature and the arts, national manners became ameliorated, and duels necessarily declined. It was still, however, not

unusual for the French to promote or to behold those single combats over which the pages of romance have thrown a delusive charm, and which were, in early times, hallowed, in the opinion of the vulgar, by their accompanying superstitious ceremonies.—When any quarrel had been referred to this mode of decision, the parties met on the appointed day, and frequently in an open space, overshadowed by the walls of a convent, which thus lent its sanction to the bloody scene. From day-break the people were generally employed in erecting scaffolds and stages, and in placing themselves upon the towers and ramparts of the adjacent buildings. About noon, the cavalcade was usually seen

to arrive at the door of the lists ; then the herald cried, " Let the appellant appear," and his summons was answered by the entrance of the challenger, armed cap-a-pie, the escutcheon suspended from his neck, his visor lowered, and an image of some national saint in his hand. He was allowed to pass within the lists, and conducted to his tent. The accused person likewise appeared, and was led in the same manner to his tent. Then the herald, in his robe embroidered with fleur-de-lis, advanced to the centre of the lists, and exclaimed, " Oyez, oyez ! lords, knights, squires, people of all condition, our sovereign lord, by the grace of God, King of France, forbids you, on pain of death or confiscation of goods, either to cry out, to speak, to cough, to spit, or to make signs." During a profound silence, in which nothing but the murmurs of the unconscious streamlet, or the chirping of birds, might be heard, the combatants quitted their tents, to take individually the two first oaths. When the third oath was to be administered, it was customary for them to meet, and for the marshal to take the

right hand of each and to place it on the cross. Then the functions of the priest began ; and the usual address, endeavoring to conciliate the angry passions of the champions, and to remind them of their common dependence on the Supreme Being, may have tended to benefit the bystanders, although it generally failed of its effect with the combatants.

If the parties persisted, the last oath was administered. The combatants were obliged to swear solemnly that they had neither about them nor their horses, stone, nor herb, nor charm, nor invocation ; and that they would fight only with their bodily strength, their weapons, and their horses. The crucifix and breviary were then presented to them to kiss ; the parties retired into their tents, the heralds uttering their last admonition to exertion and courage, and the challengers rushed forth from their tents, which were immediately dragged from within the lists. Then the marshal of the field having cried out, " Let them pass," the seconds retired. The combatants instantly mounted their horses, and the contest commenced.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY'S NEW VOLUME.*

WE think the author is more accurate and less bombastic in the present volume, than in his " Omnipresence of the Deity ;" and there is certainly little trace of that uncharitable spirit that was so obvious in his " Puffiad" and his " Age Reviewed." It would be strange, indeed, if such a disposition were so conspicuously displayed in a work of this nature ; though we are compelled to confess, that in the poem entitled " A Vision of Hell," the subject, though not the form, of which, must have been suggested by Southey's " Vision of Judgment," there is something of that daring presumption with which the Laureate has pretended to dive into the hidden

councils of the Almighty. Notwithstanding this, there is a great deal both of pious and poetical feeling in the volume ; and as we are weary of pointing out his faults, as a poet, which, though less numerous in the present instance, are of the same description as those we have already brought fully home to the author, in our notices of his former works, we shall select a few of the best passages in the book, and make better use of our space than by appropriating any portion of it to unfavorable specimens. The first poem in the volume, entitled the " Universal Prayer," is the last in merit. It is a very feeble echo of the " Omnipresence of the Deity," in

* A Universal Prayer ; Death ; a Vision of Heaven ; and a Vision of Hell. By Robert Montgomery, author of the " Omnipresence of the Deity," &c. &c. 4to. London, 1828.

blank verse instead of rhyme. With all its numerous faults, that poem had considerable spirit and harmony, while there is little of either in the "Prayer." The following lines, however, are pleasing.

"And let the young, on whose delighted gaze
The dream of life in hopeful beauty dawns,
In their unspotted bosoms treasure thoughts
Of Thee, to guide them through the cloudy
years;

And may the old, upon whose gray-worn heads
Past Time has placed an honorable crown,
When earth grows dim, and worldly joys decay,
Find heaven advancing, as the world retires!"

The next poem, entitled "Death," like all the rest of the volume, is in blank verse. We will select a beautiful picture of infancy, though with some imperfections.

"Lo!

A distant landscape, dawning forth amid
The bright suffusion of a summer sun.
On yonder mead, that like a windless lake
Shines in the glow of heaven, a cherub boy
Is bounding, playful as a breeze new-born,
Light as the beam that dances by his side.
Phantom of beauty! with his *trepid* [y?] looks
Gleaming like water-wreaths,—a flower of life,
To whom the fairy world is fresh, the sky
A glory, and the earth one huge delight!
Joy *shaped* his brow, and pleasure *rolls* his eye,
While Innocence, from out the budding lip
Darts her young smiles along his rounded cheek.
Grief hath not dimm'd the brightness of his form,
Love and Affection o'er him spread their wings,
And Nature, like a nurse, attends him with
Her sweetest looks. The humming bee will
bound

From out the flower, nor sting his baby hand;
The birds sing to him from the sunny tree,
And suppliantly the fierce-eyed mastiff fawn
Beneath his feet, to court the playful touch.

To rise all rosy from the arms of sleep,
And, like the sky-bird, hail the bright-cheek'd
morn

With gleeful song, then o'er the bladed mead
To chase the blue-wing'd butterfly, or play
With curly streams; or, led by watchful Love,
To hear the chorus of the trooping waves,
When the young breezes laugh them into life!
Or listen to the mimic ocean roar
Within the womb of spiry sea-shell wave,—
From sight and sound to catch intense delight,
And infant gladness from each happy face,—
These are the guileless duties of the day:
And when at length reposeful evening comes,
Joy-worn he nestles in the welcome couch,
With kisses warm upon his cheek, to dream
Of heaven till morning wakes him to the world."

The following extract has considerable merit. The lines in *Italics* are beautiful.

"And in the joyous eye of daily Life,
How frequent Death will thrust his woful face!

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*See! where they come, the dark-robed funeral train,
Solemn as silent thunder-clouds athwart
The noon day sky: from heaven a radiance
dyes*

The flowing pall with laughing hues of light;
Around life moves his mighty throng, and deep
The death-bells boom along the ebbing air:
But one poor week hath vanish'd,—and that
form,

Now clay-cold in the narrow coffin stretch'd,
Stalk'd o'er the street that takes him to his
tomb!—

On with the mourning train!—the crowd divide
Before them with a busy hum, then close
Behind, like billows by a prow dispers'd,
That sever, but to clash and roar again!"

The following couplet is, we think, extremely pretty:—

"Poor lady! then her thoughts grew into tears,
And every tear ran burning from her heart!"

Our next extract is a touching description of a female dying of consumption.

"A year hath travell'd o'er the sea of time;
And now the shadows of the grave grow dark
Upon the maiden; yet no mournful wail,
Or word abrupt, betrays unlovely thoughts
Of gloom and discontent within; she dies
As gently as delicious sound; not false
To present scenes, and yet prepared to die.
Beautiful resignation, and the hopes
That well from out the fountain of her faith,
Have breathed around her a seraphic air
Of wither'd loveliness. The gloss of life
And worldly dreams are o'er; but dewy Morn,
And dim-eyed Eve, and all the inward gleams
Of rapture, darted from regretted joys,—
Delight her still: and oft when twilight comes,
She'll gaze upon the damask glow of heaven
With all the truth of happier days, until
A sunny fancy wreathes her faded cheek;—
'Tis but a pleasing echo of the past,
A music rolling from remember'd hours."

The following picture of virtuous old age is pleasing.

"How pure,
The grace, the gentleness of virtuous age!
Though solemn, not austere; though wisely
dead

To passion, and the wildering dreams of hope,
Not unalve to tenderness and truth,—
The good old man is honor'd and rever'd,
And breathes upon the young-limb'd race
around,

The gray and venerable charm of years:
Nor,—glory to the Power that tunes the heart
Unto the spirit of the time! are all
The fauzy and the flush of youth forgot:
The meditative walk by wood or mead,
The lull of streams, and language of the stars,
Heard in the heart alone,—the bosom-life
Of all that beautified or graced his youth,
Is still to be enjoy'd, and hallow'd with
The feelings flowing from a better world."

The author next presents us with some reflections upon his own youth.

"I sing of Death; yet soon perchance may be
A dweller in the tomb. But twenty years
Have wither'd since my pilgrimage began,
And I look back upon my boyish days
With mournful joy; as musing wand'ers do,
With eye reverted, from some lofty hill,
Upon the bright and peaceful vale below.—
Oh! let me live, until the fires that feed
My soul, have work'd themselves away, and
then,
Eternal Spirit, take me to Thy home!
For when a child, I shaped inspiring dreams,
And nourish'd aspirations that awoke
Beautiful feelings flowing from the face
Of Nature; from a child I learn'd to reap
A harvest of sweet thoughts, for future years."

The "Vision of Heaven" is the next poem, which is succeeded by the

"Vision of Hell." Both these poems have passages worthy of quotation, but our space is limited. Then comes a poem entitled "Beautiful Influences," which proves that the author can feel deeply the attractions of external nature. The verses "On seeing a celebrated Poet" (who it could have been we cannot easily imagine), which, though sometimes fervent and impassioned, have too many of the author's peculiar faults to allow of our reading them with pleasure, conclude the volume. Whatever the author may think, we have perused his work, and written this brief notice of it, in the most indulgent spirit.

THE WARDS OF LONDON.*

THIS is one of those light, amusing publications, which may serve to wile away an idle hour, or to furnish the fireside of the busy citizen with a pleasant evening's reading. It contains an account of the topography and history of the various districts of London, information concerning the origin, structure, and object of the institutions and edifices within the range of the metropolis, and anecdotes, with brief portraits, of the eminent men who have been born, have lived, or died here, under circumstances of any peculiar notoriety. Its author has evidently exerted much industry in compiling his narrative from ancient and authentic sources; and though his work has no pretensions to what we may call a literary character, yet it is written in that lively, rambling manner, which is probably best adapted for a miscellany of the kind. Through the heavy mass of antiquarian lore, the histories of public places, and the records of worthies of the good old times, Mr. Thomas works his way with a sprightly vigor, that carries his reader unwearied to the end. It is indeed one of the most amusing local histories which we have lately met. There is a curious satisfaction in ex-

amining the ancient boundaries of the metropolis, and tracing its progressive advancement down to the present period, when it has become almost the capital of the civilized world—a little world within itself. We are glad to perceive that the author has not plunged, with malice prepense, into the darkness of the musty legends, which may do well enough for an occasional reference, but never fail to prevent a book from being at all readable. They are only brought in, when necessary to illustrate a description, or when containing in themselves something worthy of particular attention. We could not help smiling at a list which he gives of various companies, called into existence by the success of the famous South Sea imposture. Among these stand honorably conspicuous, one for insurance against divorces; another to teach men to cast nativities; a third, of vast importance to commerce, for making deal-boards of saw-dust; a fourth, equally essential to human comfort, for drawing butter from beech-trees; and sundry more, which we cannot well transcribe into our pages. There is also an amusing part of the volume, where he breaks into a pathetic lamentation over the

* The Wards of London. Vol. I. By Henry Thomas. 8vo. London, 1828.

degenerate tavern-goers of modern days. Falstaff and Prince Hal have not left their mantle to Eastcheap; Sir Walter Raleigh's celebrated "Mermaid Club" is unknown; Johnson, and Garrick, and Goldsmith, frequent Fleet-street no more; and even the Wittenagemot of our own days has ceased to enjoy "the feast of reason, and the flow of soul," in their peculiar box at the Chapter Coffee-house. Our taverns now-a-days are filled with whiskered dandies torturing

themselves into fashion with their long cigars; while the literati confine themselves within the walls of their own dwellings. The age is unquestionably altered; but we imagine that in this respect, at least, matters have not altered for the worse.

It is but justice to add, that the materials of this work are very well arranged, and only require, for reference, a comprehensive index, which will probably appear at the close of the whole publication.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

"Serene Philosophy!"

She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mass of low desires,
That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-wing'd,
The heights of Science and of Virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear."

PURE WATER.

SOME experiments have recently been made in Paris to determine the comparative value of different modes of filtration. The first experiment was made upon about six gallons of water taken from the Seine, into which, for some days previously, a small portion of animal matter had been allowed to become tainted, so as to give a disagreeable taste and smell to the water. A portion of this water was then passed through a bed of charcoal, sand, and pebbles, according to the process adopted at the establishment for the supply of filtered water to the inhabitants of Paris. It was found, when filtered, to be perfectly free from the dirt which it had held suspended, and also very nearly deprived of the bad taste which had been conveyed to it by the animal matter. Its chemical properties, however, seemed to remain unaltered; and the gypsum, which the water of the Seine holds in solution so extensively, remained, (it being proved on analysis,) almost as abundant in the filtered as in the unfiltered water. After this experiment, another portion of the water was filtered through a thin bed of animal charcoal, which was prepared by burning bones

in a close crucible, with a kind of chimney to allow the escape of the gas. The water so filtered came out perfectly bright, entirely free from the odor and taste which it had possessed, and was more brisk and sparkling than the result of the first filtration; no chemical change beyond this, however, seemed to have been produced. A third experiment was then tried with the remaining portion of the water. Into two gallons there was placed about one drachm of powdered alum; the water, after being stirred up, was allowed to remain quiet for twenty-four hours, at the expiration of which it was examined. This water, with the exception of an inch from the bottom of the vessel, was found to be more clear and sparkling than the result of the second filtration; it was perfectly pure in taste and smell, and was more brisk in the mouth than the other. Towards the bottom was a thick, cloudy, and light sediment, independent of the sand and other heavy particles which had been precipitated. This sediment, on being analysed, gave strong evidence of the presence of putrid animal matter; whilst in the other precipitate were detected several grains of gypsum.

It was then determined to ascertain what degree of astringency had been given to the water by the alum which had been introduced, and it was found that at least one-third of the alum had been neutralised, and that the remaining portion had not imparted to the water any astringency which could at all interfere with its valuable properties, or become injurious to the consumers. An equal weight of carbonate of soda, however, was subsequently introduced, so as entirely to neutralise any acidity which might be supposed to be in the water. The introduction of this soda gave no taste whatever to the liquid. The result of this experiment being considered very satisfactory, a simple and cheap filterer was constructed for domestic purposes. It is thus described in the letter from which we have taken the above particulars. Into a wooden cask, of any size, set upright upon a stand, are placed two cocks, one close to the bottom, and the other six inches above it. The cask being filled with water, powdered alum, in the proportion of something less than half a drachm to each gallon, is stirred into the water. No water is drawn out for twenty-four hours; at the end of that time it is taken as wanted from the upper cock; and when no more remains except what is below the upper cock, the water containing the sediment is let off by the lower cock, and the cask is then filled as before, for further use.

GREEN COLOR OF THE SEA.

In the Greenland Seas, about one part of the surface between the parallels of 74 deg. and 80 deg. is of an olive, or grass-green color, which often occurs in long bands, or streams, from a few miles to ten or fifteen miles in breadth, and from two to three degrees of latitude in length. These belts of green water are frequently separated as distinctly from the transparent blue water, as the waters of a large muddy river on entering the sea. This color has been ascertained to be caused by an animal of the medusa kind, from one-twentieth

to one-thirtieth of an inch in diameter, the surface of which is marked with twelve distinct patches, or *nebulæ* of dots of a brownish color, disposed in pairs, four pairs, or sixteen pairs, alternately composing one of the *nebulæ*. The body of the medusa is transparent. The fibrous or hair-like substances were more easily examined, being of a darker color. They varied in length from a point to one-tenth of an inch, and, when highly magnified, were found to be beautifully moniliform. In the largest specimens these bead-like articulations were about thirty, and the diameter of each about the 8-300th part of an inch. The number of these animalculæ, particularly medusæ, was found to be immense, in olive-green sea-water being about one fourth of an inch asunder. A cubic inch of water will, of course, contain 64; a cubic foot, 110,592; and a cubic mile, 23,888,000,000,000,000. Now, allowing that one person could count a million of these animalculæ in seven days, which is barely within the reach of possibility, it would have required that 40,000 persons should have started at the creation of the world to complete the enumeration of those contained in a cubic mile of sea-water.

RECIPE FOR SALTING BEEF.

Salt and water have a wonderful *penchant*, chemically *ycleped* affinity, for each other. Get, therefore, a tub of pure water, rain or river water is best, let it be nearly full, and put the tongs, or two pieces of thin wood across it, and set your beef on them, distant about an inch from the water; heap as much salt as it will hold on your beef, let it stand for four-and-twenty hours, you may then take it off and boil it, and you will find it as salt as if it had been in pickle for six weeks.

A SUCKING BUTTERFLY.

Few of the parts of insects are well understood, on account of their minuteness, as well as from their want of analogy with the parts of vertebrate animals. The organs of taste in in-

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WANTS A WIFE.

The following is a good joke upon *Matrimonial Advertising*.

She must bee middel eaged and good tempered widdow, or a Maid, and pur-sest of propertey, and I wood far reather have a Wife that is ever so plain then a fine Lady that think herself hansom; the Advertiser is not rich nor young, old nor poor, and in a very few years he will have a good incumb. Can be hiley reckamended for onestey, sobriecaty, and good temperd, and has no in combrance, is very actif, but not a treadsman, have been as Butler and Bailiff for meney years in most respectable families, and shoood I not be so luckye as to get me a wife, wood be most willing to take a sittyeashan once moor, wood prefer living in the countrey, under stands Brewing feamosley, is well adapted for a inn or public hous. Please to derect W. W., 268, Berwick-street, Oxforde-roade, or aney Ladey may call and have a interview with the widdow that keeps the hous, and say wher and when we can meet each other. All letters must be pd, no Office-keeper to applygh. My fameley ar vervey well off and welthey, far above the midling order.

WRITING DOWN A FACE.

"I once," says a late traveller in Italy, "asked a Neapolitan fisherman to sit for me to paint him. He did not in the least understand the nature of my proposition; but after some difficulties on his side, and many assurances on mine that I would not hurt him, he consented, and followed me. When I had finished, his astonishment at beholding his portrait was amusing; and, descending with me to the street, I heard him exclaim to his comrades, 'that Signore has written down my face.' So high is their idea of *writing*, that they can imagine no superior or more lofty name, for what appears to them a similar sort of conjuration."

OLD WINE.

The passion for old wines has sometimes been carried to a very ridiculous excess, for the "*thick crust*," the

"*bee's wing*," and the several other criterions of the epicure, are but so many proofs of the decomposition and departure of some of the best qualities of the wine. Had the man that first filled the celebrated Heidleburg tun been placed as sentinel, to see that no other wine was put into it, he would have found it much better at twenty-five or thirty years old, than at one hundred, had he lived so long, and been permitted now and then to taste it.

At Bremen there is a wine-cellar, called the Store, where five hogsheads of Rhenish wine have been preserved since 1625. These five hogsheads cost 1,200 francs. Had this sum been put out to compound interest, each hogshead would now be worth above a thousand millions of money; a bottle of this precious wine would cost 21,799,480 francs, or about 908,311*l.*, and a single wine-glass 2,723,808 francs, or about 113,492*l.*

STATUE TO THE KING.

Chantrey is now at Brighton, superintending the erection of the public statue of his Majesty. The figure, which is of heroic size, looks to the sea; one foot is in advance, the right hand held gently out, and over the whole is thrown a robe, which reaches to the pedestal. The statue is of bronze, a clean solid cast, which seems to have come perfect from the mould, and is the first work which the artist has executed in metal. Mr. Chantrey is said to have several other bronze statues in progress, all of heroic dimensions: one of his Majesty, for Edinburgh; one of Pitt, for London; one of Watt, for Glasgow; one of Canning, for Liverpool; and one of Sir Thomas Monro, for the East Indies.

FRENCH PERIODICALS.

The circulation of newspapers in France since the peace has increased at least two-fold; and in some of the provinces the number of political and scientific journals is in the proportion of five to one of what it used to be. An official return is preparing of all the periodical works now published in

France, with the numbers which they circulate. It is supposed that this is doing for the purpose of ascertaining the amount which a small additional tax upon them would produce to the government.

SCOTCH ADVOCATE VS. GRIMALKIN.

Mr. C—k, a very singular character at the Scottish bar, was one evening deeply engaged in a case of so great legal intricacy as to compel him to hammer his sapient brains with more than wonted energy. While he was involved in a labyrinth of doubts, his cogitations were interrupted by a succession of horrible sounds, so unearthly, indeed, that they could hardly be exceeded by those in the infernal regions. These fearful noises appeared to the learned counsel to proceed from a legion of cats assembled for an unholy purpose in the green behind his house. Up he started in a fury, and opening the window which immediately overlooked the offending parties, he addressed them as follows: "Leddies and gentlemen, I give you fair warning to betake yourselves to your respective domiciles, for fear of waur consequences." This gentle hint being treated with great contempt, and the horrid din still continuing, away he posts for an immense blunderbuss, loaded with small shot, and again opening the window, read the Riot Act to the obdurate culprits; but without bringing them to a sense of their error. He then complimented them with a salute, and with such fatal precision, that, on the morrow, no less than half-a-dozen unfortunate caterwaulers were discovered stretched lifeless on the sward: *Facilis ex amore in mortem transitus.*

AVARICE.

A singular instance of avarice was recently witnessed in Paris. A Jew, of the name of Bunck, was found almost lifeless, on a filthy bed, but still grasping the key of his coffers: he was taken to the hospital, where he recovered his senses for a few days; but nature was exhausted by age and voluntary privation, and in a short

time he expired, bitterly regretting that he could not take with him his hoarded treasure of about 600,000 francs; 100,000 of which were concealed in different kitchen utensils.

GERMAN INDUSTRY.

Like all their sisters of Saxony, the ladies of Weimar are models of industry; whether at home or abroad, knitting and needle-work know no interruption. A lady, going to a route, would think little of forgetting her fan, but could not spend half an hour without her implements of female industry. A man would be quite pardonable for doubting, on entering such a drawing room, whether he had not strayed into a school of industry. At Dresden this is carried so far, that even the theatre is not protected against stocking wires. I have seen a lady gravely lay down her work, wipe away the tears which the sorrows of Thekla in Wallenstein's Death had brought into her eyes, and immediately reassume her knitting.

OBSTINACY AND PERSEVERANCE.

Obstinacy and perseverance, though often confounded, are two very different things; a man may be very obstinate, and yet not persevere in his opinion ten minutes. Obstinacy is resistance to truth; perseverance is a continuance in truth or error.

THOMSON.

The "Seasons" have lately been translated into Italian prose, by Patrizio Muschi, and published at Florence. There had been several previous translations of them into Italian verse; but their want of success, or the extreme difficulty of the undertaking, induced M. Muschi to prefer prose. A preface contains the life of Thomson, and an analysis of his works.

A new edition of Salathiel, a Story of the Past, the Present, and the Future, is on the eve of publication.

A second edition of Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman, will appear immediately.